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The Debate on The Notes

LAST week we charged Mr. Eden with diplomatic fraud, expecting that this grave charge would be subjected to searching scrutiny in the Commons. This expectation has not been fulfilled, despite repeated requests by Mr. Attlee that Parliament should express its views on the East-West deadlock before Bermuda. We can appreciate why Mr. Eden was anxious at this time to avoid any searching examination of his claim that Soviet preconditions had torpedoed a Four-Power Conference. But if the Commons are denied a discussion, the debate can still take place in the columns of the press; and we are glad that both *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* have entered the fray.

True to character, *The Times* is the more independent of Mr. Eden's two defenders. It frankly admits that our assertion that Mr. Molotov did not turn down a Conference on Germany is true "in a strictly literal sense." But we are then told that "any judgment based simply on a scrutiny of the rival series of Notes would be bound to be academic. Fundamentally each side has come to recognise . . . that agreement on Germany and Austria cannot be achieved." This is a dangerously two-edged defence, for which Mr. Eden will scarcely be grateful. If the true situation is that both sides are sticking obstinately to their old positions, then Mr. Eden's charge that Soviet preconditions made the Conference impossible falls to the ground; and Labour's case for a renewed effort to break the deadlock before we go ahead with German rearmament is overwhelming.

The *Manchester Guardian* sees the danger of this kind of defence and boldly sticks to the old line. Having described the Soviet Note as "turgid, verbose and obscure," it goes on to assert that it "appears to insist on at least four conditions which must be accepted before the meeting." If this statement were true, it would mean that the Russian Note expressly demanded the "liquidation of the American military bases" and "the renunciation of the E.D.C. and the Bonn Agreements" by the Western Powers *before* any conference can take place. The *Manchester Guardian* knows perfectly well that the Note makes no such demand. On the issue of German rearmament for instance the Russians merely demand a "clarification" whether the Western Powers propose simultaneously to hold a conference and to ratify E.D.C.; whether in fact German rearmament is to be a Western precondition in the sense that it is not open for negotiation at the Conference. If Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eden are ready to discuss Germany without making E.D.C. a Western precondition, they have only to answer this straight question. By evading an answer to it, and curtly ending the exchange of Notes, they reveal, first, that the West is not prepared to forgo German rearmament on any conditions whatsoever and, secondly, that Mr. Eden is determined to avoid admitting this because he knows that the admission would not be tolerated by British or French public opinion.

Ever since the death of Stalin, the real conflict has been between those who believe that the East-West deadlock could conceivably be ended by a high-level conference that is not limited to a single topic, and those who are determined to prevent such a conference, on the ground that it might lead to "appeasement." On May 11, Sir Winston proclaimed himself a protagonist of high-level talks without agenda. He warned the world that efforts to get a conference of Foreign Ministers on such a limited topic as Germany would lead to frustration. Mr. Attlee repeated this warning even more sharply when Lord Salisbury returned from Washington. On July 21, he observed: "To suggest that talk at a high level on the crucial question of Germany is likely to be fruitful by itself seems an entire illusion"; and he suggested that the German problem could only be fruitfully discussed in the

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

This issue contains a special Book Supplement with many extra pages of reviews.

Next Week: Christmas Books—II

larger context of Europe and, indeed, "of the world as a whole, and particularly Asia." This British approach was taken up in a slightly different form by the Kremlin. In Note after Note, Mr. Molotov has suggested a Five-Power Conference "on the causes of international tension" and argued that it is only within this framework, of high level talks without an agenda, that it would be sensible to discuss Germany. But no sooner had Mr. Molotov taken up Sir Winston's cause, adding only that Russia's ally China should participate, than he was accused of laying down an impossible precondition. The accusation was first made by Mr. Dulles; but it was then dutifully repeated by Sir Winston's own Foreign Secretary and by almost the whole British press, notwithstanding that Chinese participation is implicit in British policy towards Asia. Last May *The Times* and the *Guardian* supported Sir Winston's initiative, although they well knew that from the first it was strenuously opposed by the U.S. What has happened in the last five months to make them change their minds and accept the American view? Does a British proposal, in full accord with the main stream of British policy, become Communist propaganda merely because the Kremlin is not unfavourable to it and repeats some of the arguments on which it is based?

A Pious Resolution

Although the Israeli representative expressed "profound and unreserved regret" for the incident at Quibya, he could not avert the severe censure resolution promoted by Britain, France and the U.S.A. in the Security Council. No friend of Israel will defend either the ruthlessness employed on this occasion by the Israeli frontier guards or the uncritical praise accorded to it in the Hebrew press. Nevertheless, we have some sympathy with Mr. Ben Gurion, who, on the eve of his retirement to a Kibbutz in the Negev for meditation, has expressed his people's dismay at the one-sided act of the three Great Powers. Mr. Ben Gurion singled out Britain for special attack. As the Power responsible for financing and training the Arab Legion, he claimed that we should have compelled the Jordan Government to police its side of the line. There is substance in this complaint, though Mr. Ben Gurion must know that the demarcation line is at least as intolerable to the Arabs on the East as to the Jews on the West. The proper criticism of the three Great Powers is that they are contenting themselves with a pious resolution and making no effort whatsoever to create the conditions for a peace treaty between Israel and her neighbours. What Mr. Eden has done is to seize the opportunity presented by the incident at Quibya to make a gesture towards the Arab bloc at Israel's expense. Such a gesture was necessary in view of the support he had given to the French suppression of Arab nationalism in Morocco and Tunis, and Mr. Dulles—newly converted to the virtues of British and French colonialism and freed from the inhibitions of the New York mayoral elections—gave American backing to this Anglo-French move. The game of Middle Eastern politics goes on being played according to traditional rules.

Sudan Elections

Accusations by Mr. Eden and Major Salah Salem have not impeded the progress of the Sudan Election; they have, however, had the effect of emphasising that the election is a choice between the known British administration and the Egyptians. Egypt's press and radio have for long been the dominant influence in the towns, just as the British administrators have had the final say in the backward districts. The time of the Electoral Commission is almost exclusively occupied in dealing with complaints from both sides, supported by little factual evidence, and no drastic action has been called for so far. Within its terms of reference, the Commission has organised the election with efficiency, despite the lack of non-government officials capable of acting as returning officers. It was not allowed to alter the previously fixed constituency boundaries, and there remains a striking disparity in voting strengths, favouring the towns. Six members will represent the three towns of Khartoum, Khartoum North, and Omdurman, while farther South down the White Nile only two will represent the same number of country voters, and the estimated 42,000 people of the Haddendowa tribes will return one member to the House of Representatives. The National Unionist Party is the strongest in nominated candidates, contesting all the northern and ten of the southern seats, while the Umma Party has no candidates in the South and some of the northern seats are uncontested. After the five "graduate" seats have been filled, the National Unionists are expected to lead the Umma, with the unattached members of the South holding the balance with about twenty of the ninety-seven seats.

U.S. Labour Unity

Another step has been taken towards unity between the two main U.S. labour federations. At its convention in Cleveland last week, the C.I.O. followed the A.F. of L. in ratifying a "no-raiding" agreement — the essential preliminary to any moves towards real collaboration and, later, complete fusion. The C.I.O. leaders, however, have made an important reservation. Though the officers of each of the affiliated unions will sign before the end of December, their signatures will not be exchanged with those of their A.F. of L. counterparts until the A.F. of L. is able to bring all its affiliates into line. The difficulty arises from the attitude of the powerful Teamsters' Union, led by Dave Beck. This union, whose 1.4 million members make it the largest A.F. of L. component, has declared its intention of doubling its membership, and has already increased its total by stealing whole branches from C.I.O. unions. Dave Beck has already announced that the Teamsters will not sign the "no-raiding" armistice before February, when the executive next meets. This has greatly increased C.I.O. suspicions of Beck's intentions as an empire-builder. They recall that it is only a few months since Beck was reported to be holding secret discussions with John L. Lewis of the Mineworkers about forming a third and breakaway federation.

Cautious Chancellor

When he addressed the National Production Advisory Council at the end of last week, Mr. Butler sounded a note much less confident than that of his optimistic address to the Conservative Party at Margate last month, when he spoke of the increase in Britain's gold reserves and promised "steady improvement." He now admits that though industrial output—thanks largely to the expansion of the building industry—is high, most of the increase in this year's production has been due to the fillip given to domestic consumption by the last Budget. As for foreign trade, though imports were higher than a year ago, exports, he said, were disappointing; Britain had been losing ground "pretty steadily" for the last two years in many important markets outside the sterling area. Special efforts in selling to America had been meeting with some success, but the Chancellor is clearly conscious that the small dollar market is marginal in the British economy. The real trouble is that exporters are failing to gain, or even to hold, their ground in markets outside the United States. There is no reason to believe that British prices—still less labour costs—are unduly high. It is rather a case of paying dearly for our acquiescence in American political embargoes on East-West trade, for the distortion of production caused by rearmament, and for neglect by complacent British exporters of their foreign customers' requirements—neglect, above all (and this is where rearmament really hurts) of deliveries as quick as those provided by Germany and Japan.

Cleaner Food

The "Clean Food" Bill, now on its way through Parliament, has rightly extended registration to all premises where food is handled and stored; it has also substituted specific regulations about sanitation and general hygiene for the general "standards" laid down in the 1938 Act and provided stiff penalties for defaulters. This is a great and overdue improvement. The Bill also requires that manufacturers state in full the ingredients used, and provides for the prohibition or control of those which are suspected to be harmful, pending analysis to test their immediate and cumulative effects. This, however, does not go far enough. It still leaves it to the initiative of the authorities to challenge a doubtful ingredient. It would be better to provide for a "permitted" list of ingredients; before a manufacturer could use a new ingredient, he would first have to secure Ministry approval of its safety. This Bill, moreover, does not seem to provide machinery for adequate inspection and enforcement of the excellent principles of hygiene that it lays down. There is still too much variation between one local authority and another, and the local inspectors are often overworked, even when they have sufficient technical knowledge to cope with specialised chemical problems. What is needed is a National Food Inspectorate to supplement and guide the work of local officials. In the long run, that is the only means of securing uniform and decent standards all over the country.

PARIS

Shadow of Bermuda

Our Paris Correspondent writes: This week's foreign affairs debate—the first since February, 1952—was held with three ends in view: first to give Deputies a long-delayed opportunity to air their views on Europe, secondly to provide a dress-rehearsal for the decisive debate on E.D.C. it is hoped to hold in February, and finally to give M. Laniel some sort of a mandate when he attends the Bermuda conference on December 4. Despite the forty solid hours of oratory and a round dozen motions from various groups, only the first of these aims was achieved. There is still no guarantee that the Assembly will ratify E.D.C., and it is even less certain what, if anything, M. Laniel will have to say at Bermuda.

Before the debate, the Government made desperate efforts to put pressure on members of the majority parties who still had doubts about E.D.C. An example of this pressure—designed to show that Deputies who oppose E.D.C. are out of step with the country—was a public opinion poll published two weeks ago. According to this, 46 per cent. of the French support E.D.C. and only 22 per cent. oppose it. Naturally, these figures were widely quoted by the Government press. Subsequently, however, a totally different story came to light. It now appears that this "recent" survey was taken in April (that is, before the last Government crisis and the German elections) and kept in cold storage until an opportune moment. It also appears that the survey was paid for by the Minister of Defence, M. Pleven, who drew up the questions himself and arranged them in an order calculated to achieve the desired result. Even so, the results were so disappointing that most of them had to be suppressed: the figures quoted above were, in fact, the only favourable ones. To the question "Do you support the project for E.D.C. actually under consideration by the Assembly?" only 30 per cent. replied "Yes," and the supporters of German rearmament—under any ægis—were even less numerous. Finally, the survey decisively reinforced the view of those who claim that the country is insufficiently informed about the Treaty for the Assembly to take a decision yet. To the question "Has the Assembly already voted the Treaty?" 8 per cent. replied "Yes" and a further 52 per cent. confessed that they didn't know.

The debate itself, like most dress-rehearsals, was inordinately long and a trifle ragged. Nevertheless, the speeches reflected a real feeling that France's destiny is at stake. They also disclosed a new sense of urgency. The shadow of Bermuda loomed, and there is a growing feeling among the opponents of E.D.C. that continued procrastination is endangering France's right to be considered a major Power. In addition, the various opposition elements are unable, as yet, to agree on a common alternative. This dilemma is seen most clearly in the attitude of the Socialists. Since M. Mollet's speech at Strasbourg, in which he appeared to commit the Party to ratification, the anti-E.D.C. section, led by Jules Moch and Daniel Mayer, has come out into the open. The persistent rumour that Mollet made this speech as a result of a bargain with the M.R.P. over the municipal elections of Arras, of which Mollet is mayor, together with his recent threat to "discipline" Socialist deputies who failed to follow the leadership over E.D.C., have tended to harden the opposition. When the official Socialist motion for the debate was presented for the approval of the Party, 35 deputies voted against it; at the same time, 42 Socialists resigned in a body from the Socialist Movement for a United States of Europe, which is supported by the official leadership. Nevertheless, the Socialist Left still has no positive solution to the German problem.

A new factor in the situation was introduced by M. Laniel's decision on Wednesday to demand a vote of confidence in a policy aimed—with every safeguard for France—at a continuance of "European unification." Bermuda ahead, the 'plane waiting once again, he may get a majority; but the vote will settle nothing decisively. As M. Mendès-France said in the debate, a disunited France and a united Europe are incompatible. "Confidence," in these vague terms, does not spell French unity on E.D.C.

ROME

The Real Problems

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Preliminary discussions suggested that Signor Pella's consent last week-end to a conference of experts on Trieste would ride the minor storms created against it by extremists of Left and Right. With the exception of the Communists, of certain neo-Fascists, and of such intransigent Monarchists as Signor Del Croix, the Government's critics have been cautious; and the formula of a "technical conference" successfully side-stepped Italy's formal refusal to confer without the prior cession of Zone A. Likewise, despite dissensions among the Demochristians, emphasis has gradually been transferred in recent weeks from claims on the whole Free Territory to demands for effect to be given to the Allied declaration of October 8. The way to compromise is open. Meanwhile the Government, originally regarded as a "caretaker" administration, has profited by its "firmness" over the Trieste question; it now appears to have settled in.

Opposition to Signor De Gasperi was what chiefly provoked the Ministerial crisis of the summer: but now, with De Gasperi as Secretary of the Parliamentary Demochristians, who command 265 of Signor Pella's 340-odd supporters, it is felt by many observers (including, to judge by his speeches, Signor De Gasperi) that "new presbyter is but old priest writ large." One of the chief test cases for such suspicions is the Government's handling of the industrial crisis—a far more real problem for any Italian government at present than the splendours and tragedies of Trieste. Not until the middle of October, after one general strike, the threat of another, some outbreaks of violence and general labour unrest, did the Ministry of Labour at last intervene in the long-standing wage disputes between the unions and the employers' confederation. Owing to hostility between the three major unions and the neo-Fascist-backed C.I.S.N.L., no joint conferences have been possible, and separate processions of delegates have followed one another in and out of the Ministry for some weeks. Meanwhile, the Government has announced wage projects for State employees which cut across both the proposals of the unions and the partial findings of the Technical Commission appointed over a year ago. For their part, the employers and the Right wing of the Christian Democrats have publicly refused to budge before union pressure; and although agitation over 2,000 dismissals at the Terni steel works has led to some concessions, similar agitation has not prevented the closure of the Pignone works in Florence, which has thrown another 2,000 out of their jobs. Some of these have returned to work in the foundry, where certain orders are still outstanding: but this *Chance of a Lifetime* situation cannot last long. It is, in fact, only the most conspicuous of Signor Pella's problems

PAKISTAN

Deal Over Bases

A Correspondent writes: Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, Governor-General of Pakistan, and General Ayub Khan, his Commander-in-Chief, would be very wise to publish a White Paper as quickly as possible stating just exactly what they did promise to the United States in the way of air bases. Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, on his return through London, described the report that his Government was negotiating with the U.S. Government for military assistance in return for American bases as "absolutely unfounded and baseless." The General, returning via Tokyo, emphatically denied that he had concluded a military agreement with America. But no one is so naive as to believe that talks with President Eisenhower and top-ranking military and Intelligence officials were confined to thanking the Americans for a million tons of wheat and graciously offering to present the U.S. with some of Pakistan's famous Sindhi bulls. State Department officials admitted that informal talks about the role of Pakistan in the Middle East had been on for a year, though the President said that the U.S. would be "most cautious" in doing anything which might make India restless. Mr. Dulles told the Indian Ambassador in Washington that, while a military agreement with Pakistan was contemplated, India's interests would be kept in mind.

Pentagon planners clearly want to extend the arc of their air bases around the Southern flank of Soviet Asia. As Homer Bigart points out in the New York *Herald Tribune*, bases in Pakistan not only offer "a take-off point within striking distance of Russia's atomic plants and other war installations behind the Urals" but "provide a point of return for strategic bombers striking at Russia across the Polar zone from Thule base in Greenland." The Pentagon wants to hurry up such planning and would like a bilateral Treaty, making Pakistan the "Spain" of Asia. But the State Department would rather go slower; they have to consider the reaction of Indians.

In Pakistan itself, Mr. Ghulam Mohammed will meet opposition among all sections of the public, except perhaps Army leaders and the most extreme of the Mullahs. Unfortunately, the Constituent Assembly has now adjourned until next February. In the absence of any real Parliament or political organisations, the burden of opposition to the Government is borne mainly by the press. This raises the question whether the press is free to criticise. Only last week, the day after the Assembly adjourned, the Government took action against *Dawn* and its evening paper *Evening Star*, withdrawing advertisements, refusing permission for its sale in Government offices and refusing any of its staff or correspondents access to any Government office or official function. The reason given is that articles demanding a proper inquiry into the assassination of Liaquat Ali Khan "transgressed the bounds of legitimate criticism." *Dawn* is powerful enough and rich enough to defend itself, but the Government's action is regarded as the thin end of a dangerous wedge.

The next few months will be decisive in the history of this new Republic. The choice becomes clearer: on the one hand, military alignment with America, a further increase in expenditure on military requirements, which already account for 70 per cent. of the Budget and the strengthening of communalism (these trends invariably coincide); on the other, the continuation of Prime Minister Mohammed Ali's policy of strengthening ties with India, of settling the Kashmir problem, and of making a secular State. There is no doubt which policy will benefit Pakistan.

The Engineers' Wage Claim

WITH the news of the breakdown in negotiations between unions and employers in the engineering industry, and with the warning of an industry-wide strike demonstration next Wednesday, the public must realise that Britain's most important exporting industry is in trouble.

Neither the deep-felt discontent inside the industry, nor the wage claim itself, nor the conduct of negotiations in the last four months, can be written off as Communist agitation. In spite of what amounts to something like a conspiracy of silence in most of the Press, the unions' case is a strong one. The three million workers in the industry are all—notwithstanding some differences of opinion on tactics—understandably resentful at the way in which, despite its merit, the claim has been turned down out of hand by the employers. This is the background against which we publish in the following columns an analysis of the claim and the employers' answer to it.

The unions' case, backed by the full authority of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, comprising 39 unions, big and small, in the industry, is based on the twin propositions that the engineers need a wage advance to keep up with the rising cost of living, and that they are entitled to a better share of the increased productivity (and profits) of the post-war years. The figures published below suggest that the first of these propositions is not easy to establish with the certainty which the unions would claim for it, if one accepts the employers' proposition that the *average* rise in *earnings*, including overtime, should be measured against the increase in the cost of living. But this calculation is reasonably held by the unions to be unsatisfactory. It conceals the large number of workers who fall well below the average, and obscures the fact that the engineer is able to maintain his position only by working, if he is "lucky" enough to have the opportunity, longer and longer hours to keep up with prices. The unions, we believe, are justified in claiming that it is wage rates, not earnings, which must be adjusted to the cost of living.

The case for a greater share in profits is exceedingly strong: indeed, the employers have, in substance, produced only two arguments to counter it. First, that the claim would, in fact, cost somewhat more than the men allege, at a time when prices must be competitive; and secondly, that engineering profits have in general been used to accumulate necessary reserves and to re-equip the industry. Neither of these arguments refutes the men's fundamental claim that the due reward of labour is of an equal priority and that, in any case, it is their efforts, coupled with their wage restraint, which have enriched the industry.

In the face of these industrial arguments, strong though they are, it might have been possible for a Labour Government to ask the unions to moderate their claim; and that course might have been reasonable in different economic circumstances. In the light of the present Government's economic policy, in particular its abandonment of price controls and subsidies, no such general economic appeal can be justified. Mr. Butler has chosen to reverse the trend of Labour's welfare economics: the freedom he has offered the country has been, to a measureable extent, at the expense of the lower income groups. The Government cannot now complain if the organised workers are resolute to squeeze what benefits they can from the principle of "free for all." Judged industrially, the engineers' case is broadly established. Judging it in the light of national economic policy, we believe that the unions would be failing their members if they shrank from fighting it.

The Story of the Negotiations

THE negotiations which have led to the present crisis in the engineering and shipbuilding industries have been protracted. On May 21 last the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions wrote to the Engineering and Allied Employers' National Federation and to the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation letters submitting the following claim:

> That an increase of 15 per cent. be granted on the consolidated time rates of all grades of adult male workers, both time and pieceworkers, the amount accruing to be added to earnings.

Conferences, to discuss this demand, between the Confederation and the two Federations of the employers, first met in the last week of July, when the men's reasoned case was presented. At conferences held in mid-October the employers announced their reasons for turning down the demands; and further meetings in November left the deadlock unresolved.

The wage structure of the industry is elaborate and archaic. Addressing the Court of Inquiry in 1948, Mr. Jack Tanner described it as "a patchwork affair, which for over fifty years has been modified and adapted . . . it has not only become complex, but from our point of view certainly unsuited to the industry or modern conditions." It provides for substantial variations between different areas—a relic of former negotiations on a District level—and for a variety of ways in which bonuses can be awarded, thus creating differences between one factory and another even in the same town, let alone within a District.

The unions' objective, therefore, has been to lift the national minimum wage, upon which both differentials and bonuses are worked out. On this account, the employers' policy has always been to resist increases in the basic or consolidated rate and to concede wage claims in the forms of bonuses and other supplementary payments.

Apart from special agreements about women workers, apprentices and dilutees, the union negotiators are concerned primarily with two basic rates—the unskilled rate (mainly timeworkers) and the skilled rate, which is paid partly to all kinds of pieceworkers and partly to timeworkers. In 1938, the minima were 68*s.* for skilled and 53*s.* for unskilled timeworkers; the equivalent figures today are 136*s.* 4*d.* and 118*s.* 4*d.*

A large number of engineering workers, however, are on piecework. Their wages are worked out in a different fashion. First they receive 66*s.* a week as a minimum for a 44-hour week, plus 1*s.* 2*d.* per hour as a National Bonus, plus at least 45 per cent. (it may be much higher) of their weekly basic rate. This gives them 147*s.* 1*d.* minimum, if their normal piecework output is the average of a worker of average ability. In fact, if they work overtime, or produce above the average output, or both, their gross earning will be higher than this.

Yet their piecework earnings may be computed in a number of different ways. It may be straight piecework, in which case they are paid so much per piece, and earn as much more above the minimum as they produce. Or they may be "time pieceworkers," for whom a job is rated in terms of hours. In such instances, they may work under one of a variety of pricing systems, some of which pass on to the worker only a proportion of the time he has saved by exceeding his "norm."

How, in fact, have the unions' claims resulted in recent years? We take the minimum rates of skilled timeworkers as the index.

In June, 1939, the national average was 73*s.* 10*d.* At the end of the war, April, 1945, this had risen to 96*s.* 10*d.* Since then, the stages have been:

Date	Minimum Rate
	s. *d.*
April, 1946	102 10
October, 1948	107 0
November, 1950	118 0
November, 1951	129 0
November, 1952	136 4

The reason why the present demand is for a *percentage* increase is that the effect of the flat-rate increases which have recently been the rule in the industry has been to whittle away the normal differential between skilled and unskilled rates. Skilled wages, before the war, were 28 per cent. above those of labourers, whereas today the skilled man's rate is only about 15 per cent above the labourer's.

The case for the wage increase now claimed was argued in greatest detail at the conferences between the Confederation and the Engineering and Allied Employers, but the arguments adduced by the Confederation on behalf of the

A STATEMENT by MR. TANNER,

President of the A.E.U.

I am glad to know that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *is devoting some of its valuable space to an examination of this dispute. The unions, I believe, have a good case for an increase, and the more it is examined, the more support it will receive.*

Our claim rests on the grounds that, during recent years, the real standard of living of the majority of shipbuilding and engineering workers has fallen, despite the fact that the productivity of their labour and the profits of their employers have risen uninterruptedly. These are facts. The workers, therefore, are entitled to an increase and there can be little doubt that the industry is in a position to grant one. If there are some firms who will find it difficult to do so, that is a reflection on their efficiency. If the necessity to meet the claim forces them to improve their efficiency, so much the better for us all.

shipbuilding workers were broadly similar. The case rests on three propositions—

1. That wages in the last five years have failed to keep pace with the rise in the cost of living.

2. That during this period the productivity of the industry's labour force has greatly increased.

3. That, having regard to the high profits made by engineering and shipbuilding firms, and the comparatively small percentage of the value of gross output represented by a 15 per cent. wage-increase, the industry can well afford to meet the claim.

The arguments on both sides can be best considered under these three separate heads.

Wages and Living Costs

Since June, 1947, the official Index figure of the cost of living has risen by 40 per cent. The Engineering and Allied Employers preferred to take January, 1948, as the datum level—since when the increase has been approximately 35 per cent. It seems reasonable, however, to regard 40 per cent. as the increase in living costs relevant to the claim—with one significant qualification. The Confederation have justifiably argued that, since 1948, the disproportionate rise in food prices (nearly 70 per cent) has meant that the pattern of expenditure on which the Index is based has been distorted: the average working-class family is now compelled to spend on food a much greater proportion of income than was the case a few years ago, so that for such consumers the average level of living costs has risen more sharply than is reflected in the all-in Index figure. Furthermore, as the Confederation reminded the employers, the derationing of meat, milk products and fats foreshadowed for 1954 means that a further appreciable increase in living costs is imminent.

As compared with the 40 per cent., officially estimated, increase in the cost of living, the Confederation pointed out that in the engineering sections of the industry (excluding shipbuilding) the increases conceded since 1947 in the minimum time-rates of skilled fitters and turners amounted to only 33.6 per cent. To this the Engineering and Allied Employers retorted that attention should be fixed not on hourly rates of wages but on the actual weekly wage packet. Accordingly, they submitted detailed figures showing average weekly earnings both of timeworkers and pieceworkers in one week of June, 1953, as compared with one week of January, 1948. The figures (omitting fractions of a penny) for timeworkers* of different classes are set out in the table at the foot of the adjoining columns, with a comparable figure for all grades in shipbuilding. The figures show an average increase in earnings, according to the employers, of 48 per cent. in the case of engineering, and 43 per cent. in the case of shipbuilding, since January 1948.

The Confederation, however, were quick to point out that the earnings, as shown by the employers, included overtime, and that, on the employers' figures, the average amount of overtime worked, as shown in the table below, had roughly doubled since 1948. A fair, if rough and ready, calculation is that, excluding overtime, average earnings have increased since 1948 by only 34 per cent. in the case of shipbuilding and 39 per cent. in the case of engineering. The only proper comparison, the Confederation argued, is one between the cost of living and *average earnings for the normal week of 44 hours*: overtime earnings must be discounted as offset by the loss of leisure and the strain which overtime entails. As the last column in the table shows, the increase of earnings, *if overtime is excluded*, in the case of the unskilled men, who find it hardest to make ends meet, has not matched even officially admitted rises in living costs.

The unions also rightly stressed that the industrial averages given by the employers conceal the fact that throughout the industry overtime is very unevenly distributed. That is, in shipbuilding it tends to be concentrated closely on the ship-repairing section, while a survey conducted by the Ministry of Labour showed that, during 1952, only one quarter of the total number of workers in Vehicle production were on overtime, and that approximately one-third of the total workers in Engineering and Electrical Goods received overtime pay. This means that average weekly earnings of *the majority* in Vehicles, Engineering and Shipbuilding range from 15*s.* to 30*s.* a week less than the industrial averages in the pay-packets as presented by the employers.

Furthermore, the industrial average of £9 10*s.*—based on gross earnings—is "boosted" by high rates received by a relatively small group of Aircraft and Vehicle employees; it conceals very low levels of pay in other parts of the industry. There are many skilled engineers in general workshops whose wage, before tax, is less than £8 a week.

Finally, with regard to the employers' "break-down," the Confederation took exception to calculations based on one selected week in each of two years. They pointed out that in the latest issue of the Blue Book *National Income and Expenditure* the total amount paid in wages in the engineering, shipbuilding, electrical goods and vehicles industries is given as follows:—

	1948	1952
£m.	643	870

This shows an increase, including all payments for overtime, of roughly 35 per cent. In the same period of time, numbers employed rose from 2,710,000 to 2,977,000, or by nearly 10 per cent. *From this it follows that the average annual remuneration increased by just over 23 per cent., as compared with a rise in the cost of living during the same period of about 26 per cent.* In other words, in the last complete year, wages, including overtime, had fallen behind the rise in the cost of living; and, having regard to subsequent and prospective increases in living costs, the situation has not been redressed by the 7*s.* 4*d.* weekly advance granted a year ago. To the argument that special earnings for overtime should not be included in an estimation of living standards, the employers had no effective reply: their contention appeared to be that workers were lucky in being given the chance to exceed the normal working week which they had secured by hard-won agreement.

Output and Productivity

The following table, based on the official *Digest of Statistics*, shows the expansion of production in comparison with manpower employed during the past four years:

Engineering, Shipbuilding and Electrical Goods

	Production Index (1948 100)	Manpower Index 100)	Productivity Index
1949 ..	106	100	106
1950 ..	116	100	116
1951 ..	127	104	122
1952 ..	127	104	122
Vehicles			
1949 ..	111	104.5	106
1950 ..	121	106	114
1951 ..	124	107	116
1952 ..	124	107	116

On these impressive figures the only comment of the Engineering and Allied Employers was that—

1. To a considerable extent the reasons for increased output were improved technique and new and more efficient machinery.

2. That increased output would "in normal circumstances," mean higher earnings.

The unions did not dispute the installation of new machinery, but insisted that, in considering productivity, account must be taken of the man as well as the machine. As for the employers' second point, the rejoinder was that circumstances could not be said to be "normal" when the cost of living was rising steeply. No serious effort was made to rebut the case that workers' productivity in the industry as a whole had strikingly increased since 1948. There was also an increase of 28 per cent. in productivity between 1946 and 1948, so that output per person employed today is at least 50 per cent. greater than seven years ago.

Profits and Capacity to Pay

The Confederation put forward one unchallengeable set of figures. The Blue Book *National Income and Expenditure* shows that gross profits in engineering, shipbuilding and electrical goods manufacture were, in 1947, £152m., and in 1951, £305m.—an increase of 101 per cent.

They also presented the employers with summaries of the analyses published in the *Economist* and the *Financial Times* of the accounts of engineering companies. These figures are not strictly comparable over a longer period than 12 months, as the companies included in the various years are not identical. The trend, however, of gross profits (see next page) is clear.

Class of Worker	Average Weekly Earnings		Overtime Worked		Earnings Increase over 1948	
	Jan., 1948. *s. d.*	June, 1953. *s. d.*	Jan., 1948. Hours	June, 1953. Hours	Overtime Included. Per cent.	Overtime Excluded. Per cent.
Skilled Fitters (other than toolroom) ..	140.8	208.7	2.9	5.4	48	(*b*) 39
Turners and Machinemen:						
(i) Rated as or above fitter	134.10	203.11	1.3	4.1	51	40
(ii) Rated below fitter	115.3	172.1	1.5	3.9	49	40
Toolroom Fitters and Turners ..	157.7	234.7	0.9	3.8	49	37
Pattern Makers	146.10	215.9	0.8	2.4	47	40
Sheet Metal Workers	142.1	206.11	1.8	3.2	46	40
Moulders (loose pattern)	135.1	187.11	1.5	1.7	39	38
Platers, Riveters and Caulkers ..	136.3	203.11	1.7	5.1	50	37
Labourers	113.3	163.4	3.9	6.3	44	32
Above classes combined	128.8	190.1	2.7	5.1	48	39
Shipbuilding, all grades	139.5 (*a*)	199.4	2.2	4.8	43	34

(*a*) April, 1947. (*b*) *N.S. & N.* estimate on assumption that overtime was paid for as "time and one-third." More allowance for higher week-end overtime rates would further reduce these figures.

* Pieceworkers' earnings, as given by the employers, were in 1953 about 16*s.* per week higher. In their case the increase over 1948 was shown as 47 per cent.

Engineering and Shipbuilding Gross Profits

Accounts published in:	Per cent. Increase
1948	30.6
1949	21
1950	20.2
1951	27
1952	18.4
1953 (five months)	9.2

The companies issuing accounts in 1952 numbered 581. Their gross profits were £362m. Their Ordinary Share Capital was £326m. They earned for Ordinary dividends £103m. Their total Reserves amounted to £673m.

Commenting on these figures, Mr. J. Tanner, for the Confederation, observed that they suggested that since the war the proceeds of greatly increased productivity had been very unequally shared as between capital and labour.

As for the cost of the 15 per cent. increase, the Confederation pointed out that the value of gross output in various sections of the industry as revealed in the 1950 Census of Production shows that an increase of 15 per cent. in wage rates would increase total costs of production by something like 3 per cent.

In reply, the employers argued that the published figures of profits submitted by the Confederation were misleading on two grounds. First, the total number of engineering firms was in the region of 20,000; it did not follow that the host of small firms had done nearly as well as the large firms whose accounts the *Economist* and the *Financial Times* analysed. (They had no comments on the Blue Book disclosure of the £150m. rise in annual profits between 1947 and 1951.)

Secondly, the industry's policy had consistently been to "plough back" profits. Apart from the need for further capital to finance additional stocks and work in progress during a period of expansion, the formation of gross fixed capital in engineering, shipbuilding, electrical goods and vehicles between 1948 and 1951 had amounted to £333m. Profits, measured by real capital employed, were comparatively modest—about 10–11 per cent. earned—and had recently shown a declining tendency, though there had been no corresponding decline in dividends. Any advance in wages would compel a general increase in prices and would destroy the industry's ability to maintain its exports. During the past year or two the output of the engineering industry had been greatly in excess of incoming orders, whose volume, in the year ended May, 1953, had dropped by 25 per cent. as compared with the previous year. The shipbuilding employers also emphasised that high prices were already restricting orders from shipowners, and that foreign competition was becoming a more serious factor. The Engineering and Allied Employers did not accept the contention that a 15 per cent. wage advance would increase total costs by only 3 per cent. Overheads and sub-contracted costs would also rise.

The answer of the Confederation was that, in the case of shipbuilding, the current order book represented four times annual output. Moreover, apart from questions of political embargoes on East-West trade, engineering export orders had been lost, not because British prices had been uncompetitive, but because delivery dates were too slow. In conclusion, they quoted a comment from *Engineering* to the effect that, in the absence of pressure for higher wages, there was a real danger lest, in contrast to the U.S., the engineering industry in the U.K. would continue to retain its outmoded machinery and to maintain itself in a competitive world only at the expense of the standard of living of the workpeople. "British engineering," said Mr. Tanner, "will never be able to measure up to its tasks on a basis of low and falling real wages."

London Diary

MR. ATTLEE must have found it an embarrassing choice making his mind up whether or not to accept the Freedom of the City. He was no doubt touched by the mark of personal respect, surely genuine, which was being offered him; and, in the past, Prime Ministers of other parties have traditionally regarded this Freedom as a signal honour. On the other hand, Mr. Attlee, as Leader of the Labour Party, cannot be divorced from his background; and this "honour" was offered by those who have fought most ruthlessly to prevent the realisation of Mr. Attlee's political ideals. It is only four years, incidentally, since the City publicly insulted Mr. Attlee, then Prime Minister, at the Lord Mayor's Banquet. His decision in 1953 to accept the honour of those who insulted him in 1949 may have been determined as much as anything by a desire not to shirk a difficult issue. But however strong that motive may have been, I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Attlee has since had second thoughts.

* * *

The welcome accorded him as he drove through the streets was, it is true, spontaneous and warm; and if the Freedom of the City had anything to do with the ordinary folk of London, it would be offered with enthusiasm and could be accepted with dignity. As things were, the City Chamberlain managed to extol Mr. Attlee's virtues with scarcely a hint of his Socialist faith or of the controversial triumphs of '45-'50. Mr. Attlee decided to reply in the same coin. Sir Winston Churchill later proposed Mr. Attlee's health in a speech which was regarded by the Mansion House crowd as non-political. By carefully patronising language he managed to belittle Mr. Attlee's personal achievement and (in line with his current political tactics of dividing the Left) to rub in Mr. Attlee's responsibility for rearmament and the atom bomb. Most of the press, Cassandra bravely dissenting, lauded it all as a splendid example of the "British way in politics"—as the *Daily Telegraph* entitled an especially nauseous leader. I call that bunk. Many Labour people feel that with the best of intentions Mr. Attlee allowed himself to look a little silly.

* * *

Speaking of Cassandra, I congratulate the *Mirror* group on thinking up by far the best stunt yet for putting a new angle on The Tour. Rex North's broadside in last Sunday's *Pictorial* at the press treatment of the Royal family is in the best traditions of Geraldine House. H. G. Bartholomew would have been proud of it. By attacking the bureaucracy which, it is held in Fetter Lane, prevents the Queen and the Duke leading the lives of ordinary people, the *Mirror* group can sensationalise its treatment of Royalty without appearing personally critical of the Queen. Moreover, if the Australian reaction to Royal ceremonial resembles this time what it has sometimes been in the past, there are likely to be some explosive moments on the tour. The *Mirror* and the *Pictorial* have provided themselves with an excellent stalking horse which, in Australian conditions, may well turn out to be a Derby winner; while the fact that Rex North should have been (presumably) encouraged by Her Majesty to rebuke all his rivals for their treatment of Royal news must seem to some to bestow on his paper a fragrance which it might otherwise lack. One thing troubles me. I hope the Editor has conscientiously ascertained that the Queen's personal wishes are being correctly reported by Mr. North. After all, there was the sad occasion a little while back when the *Pictorial*, in an effort to help the Palace, reported that Prince Charles was being brought up as a vegetarian. It would be a pity if they had to apologise all over again.

* * *

Still, brash though they are, I like the *Mirror* and its Sunday sister. In spite of being some of the time dirty and a lot of the time silly, they are superbly produced and both have the guts to say what they think in language their readers will understand. An excellent example was the *Mirror*'s leading article on Wednesday lambasting the idiocy of the officials in Bermuda, who had seen to it that no coloured guest was invited to Tuesday's State Dinner for the Queen. The *Mirror* need apologise to nobody for keeping the closest watch for signs of racial discrimination and a colour bar during the Royal Tour. When it finds them (as it surely will if officialdom gets its way), I hope it will continue to raise its raucous voice as it did this week. All credit to Fenner Brockway, that unwearying doer of good, and to the Labour Members who supported him in his Commons resolution; but they will be the first to admit that the voice of the *Mirror* can carry even farther.

* * *

I have always understood that when a defendant pleads not guilty to a criminal charge, he is not necessarily saying "No, I didn't do it." He may want to say, "I don't think that describes what I did," or "It's up to you to prove what I did." All he is expected to say at that moment is "guilty" or "not guilty." Indeed, if he says "guilty, but . . .," the but will be translated for him into a plea of not guilty, so genuine is the anxiety of most Benches that a man should not, through ignorance of the law, convict himself. So I don't understand the present judicial tendency to tell prisoners, in the course of passing sentence after the jury's verdict, that they have forfeited any claim to leniency by pleading not guilty. I do see that the setting up of an elaborately false alibi, disbelieved by the Court at every single step, must weigh heavily against any other circumstances that might have mitigated the crime itself. What is wrong is to withhold leniency that might otherwise have been shown, merely because a "not guilty" plea entails a trial lasting five hours instead of five minutes. Yet it happens in some court, somewhere, every day.

* * *

There were some red faces among the political forecasters last week-end, for few had forecast Mrs. Jeger's increased Labour majority at Holborn. And now there is some embarrassment in trying to explain the significance of the result. Labour publicists had been, on the whole, pessimistic and had prepared for a poor result by explaining in advance that Holborn was no pointer to the rest of the country. They now find it difficult to cash in on the victory. While over-confident Tories, who a week ago were boasting that their efficient machine had succeeded in locating most of the thousands of lost votes, find some embarrassment today in explaining why more of them didn't vote the right way. I suspect the truth is that there is nothing which makes Holborn very different electorally from most other urban constituencies. Two exceptionally good candidates (both well-known in the Division) were supported by two pretty good machines. The purely local factors (and what with the Stations, the Cypriots, and the *Spectator*, there are a few) probably balanced out about evenly, and the result—a near-2 per cent.

swing towards Labour—is, I dare say, a pretty fair indication of a national trend. If that were continued through a General Election, it would mean a bare Labour majority. Not too bad, perhaps, compared with six months ago. But it's a measure of low morale on the Left that after two years of Tory rule, the *Daily Herald* can call it all "a resounding vote of confidence in the Party's constructive policy."

* * *

I had forgotten till this week quite what hell a box at the theatre can be—that is if you go to the theatre to observe the stage. The occasion was *Antony and Cleopatra*; the circumstances what you would expect. "No chance of anything returned for to-night, I suppose?" "Nothing, except a box." You take it, of course, because, unless you are fortunate enough to be able to plan your evenings weeks ahead, it is the only way you can ever see a really successful play. But the agony of it. First of all, the bitter contempt of the programme seller—though whether that was occasioned by the arrogance of goats who buy their way into a separate pen from the sheep in the stalls, or by sheer scorn for one more lot of suckers who have been landed with a box, I could not tell. Then the physical distortion. I found that, by leaning right forward on my broken chair and resting my left cheek on the antique near-velvet ledge at the front of the box, I could hear very well and see just over half the stage. It says much for the brilliant Stratford company who are responsible for this production that, next morning when I considered my stiff neck and bruised behind, I decided they had been worth while.

FLAVUS

REGENCY

The Crown now leaves this orphaned isle
On the Antipodes to shine;
The Kingdom will be ruled meanwhile
By Regents of the Royal Line.
New measures to these Counsellors of State
Prerogatives and powers delegate.

Yet while Imperial rays disperse
Mists of Colonial discontent,
The Realm expects to fare no worse,
Or suffer much misgovernment—
Provisions for the Regency ensure
Bills will receive the Royal Signature.

The Kingdom does not fear the Court
Will sanction ostentatious waste,
Nor will the Regency fall short
In furnishings of State and taste—
The Minister of Works' munificence
Funds for appropriate splendour will dispense.

Those deputising for the Throne
Will not exact compulsory dues—
The Royal Chancellor alone
Will scoop the Kingdom's revenues.
Reprieves and pardons, while the Regents reign,
In the Home Secretary's hands remain.

The Crown will function as before—
One right alone the Act denies,
The Regents may not summon, or
Dissolve the nation's Great Assize.
Conservatives by this astute device
Have put the British Parliament on ice.

No Regent thät deep freeze can thaw
In absence of the Sovereign Sun!
By this unprecedented law
The session its full course must run.
So, if the Government should fall to-day,
Though frozen stiff, in office they must stay.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. Thomas William Clarke . . . informed me this week that he had completed his self-appointed task of counting the number of "ands" in the Bible. His total was 54,708.

"There might be one or two more," he conceded. "You can miss them occasionally."

Mr. Clarke's next task will be to find out how many times the word "the" appears.—*Seaford Standard.* (V. Dennison.)

Whenever I go out with a girl and get a lipstick stain on my white collar, I write on it the name of the girl and the date. The collar is then placed with the rest of my collection. If ever I am depressed, out come my collars and my sadness vanishes in a flood of romantic memories.—Letter in *Reveille.* (S. Cooper.)

"Last year I gave birth to an illegitimate child whose father is a married man. This was a terrible shock to me because I had a strict religious upbringing," writes Miss ——.—*Star.* (F. G. Williams.)

For the reader in a TV family a clip-on lump to illuminate his book, 14s 10d.—Shopping guide in *Observer.* (Alfred Davey.)

Since 1929 breasts have been in and out of fashion, but when the New Look arrived after the war they became a must for the girl who was going around.—*People.* (John O'Donovan.)

Missing Link

WHEN the official bulletin of the British Museum of Natural History uses such phrases as "deliberate fake" and "a hoax, so entirely unscrupulous and inexplicable as to find no parallel in the history of palæontological discovery," ordinary mortals can relish the leg-pulling of the scientists, without much thought or compassion for the eminent men who were not only victims of the Piltdown deception but accessories after the fact. Some staked their reputations on the Skull's authenticity; others allowed themselves to be overpersuaded by "facts" based on a fiction; others were consistently sceptical—but for reasons other than those now produced. All of them agreed that the Piltdown Man was an embarrassment to the evolutionist, an aberrant, out on a sawed-off limb of Man's family-tree, and certainly *not* the Missing Link. One feels perversely sorry, even after forty years, for "Person X." (The experts, headed by Dr. J. S. Weiner and Prof. W. Le Gros Clark, of Oxford University, and Dr. Kenneth Oakley, of the British Museum, do not name the culprit.) Unless he was a practical joker, who was not only a skilled anatomist, dentist, anthropologist, geologist and chemist but also a man of infinite patience, his "unscrupulous hoax" is explicable only as the conduct of one who was convinced of the Ape-into-Man hypothesis and proceeded to "prove" it by producing the Missing Link in the form of a man-like cranium with an ape-like jaw. He manufactured the "facts" to confirm, as he thought, the hypothesis.

The "facts" fitted together—the jaw, anatomically, by careful "doctoring" coincided with the cranium—but the result nearly confounded the hypothesis. Imagine the chagrin of "Person X" when even those authorities, who accepted the existence of his prehistoric impostor, had reluctantly to disown him as our ancestor and relegate him to the role of unwanted cousin, without a past and without a future. As the bulletin of the Museum says, in wiping him off the chart: "It has to be realised that 'Piltdown Man' was actually a most awkward and perplexing element in the fossil record of the Hominidae, being entirely out of conformity, but in its strange mixture of morphological characters and its time sequence, with all the palæontological evidence of human evolution available from other parts of the world." So, even at the expense of the reputations of distinguished colleagues, anthropologists are glad he proves a fraud. With his removal, the textbooks of the past forty years will have to be revised, and the authoritative commitments of Smith-Woodward, Elliot-Smith and (with qualifications and belated acceptance) Sir Arthur Keith will have to be retracted. But, in justice to such authorities, let it be observed that they were the victims of a deception more ingenious than most "who-dun-its."

Mr. Charles Dawson, who died in 1916, was a solicitor and clerk of the Uckfield Bench. He was also an amateur archæologist whose reputation was soundly based and highly regarded. In 1908, workmen, who had been digging in a gravel pit at Piltdown, Sussex, handed him pieces of a brain-box which they had broken with a pick and thrown on a spoil-heap. The spoil-heap is important because it destroyed the geological site-reference, since the workmen had no idea which deposit the skull had been in originally—and this could account for a margin of error of 200,000 years. Other fragments of the cranium came Mr. Dawson's way; and in 1912, after an interval of four years, he wrote, rather casually, to Sir Arthur Smith-Woodward at the British Museum saying he had some interesting specimens. These specimens, when he produced them, had been treated with bichromate of potash because, as Dawson then said, he thought it would harden and preserve the fragments. Smith-Woodward remonstrated and said the treatment was a mistake. (This remonstrance acquires a later significance.) Smith-Woodward then began to co-operate with Dawson on the site itself and, in a gravel bed, himself found another fragment of the cranium. This was not treated with bichromate of potash.

Then, on a warm evening, after a fruitless afternoon's searching, Dawson, in the presence of Smith-Woodward, excavated with his pick a portion of jaw-bone—now exposed as a fake—and handed it to the Museum authorities. A year later, in the same place, in similar circumstances a French scholar, Father de Chardin, found a canine tooth which belonged to the jaw-bone. The jaw-bone was convincingly "fossilised," dark-stained and fitted the skull. The brain-box was like our own, but the bone was thicker. The jaw had the forward-thrust of the ape. Further remains were found later, including crude tools, which suggested that the Dawn Man of Sussex had some *sapientia.*

On this sort of evidence—and a great deal of learned argument which found ape-like characteristics in the brain-box and man-like characteristics in the jaw—a plausible being was resurrected from pre-history. But not without question. There was a large body of physical-anthropological opinion which refused to accept the combination of the brain-box and the jaw-bone. And there were field-experts who insisted that the two portions belonged in different geological time-sequences. Mr. A. T. Marston, for instance, maintained (and still does) that the Piltdown jaw was that of a genuine fossil ape of a much earlier period than the cranium. It was he who insisted that the fluorine method should be used to test this disparity. He did not realise what he was starting by this suggestion, which was taken up by Dr. Kenneth Oakley of the Natural History Museum, and he is dismayed by the results. He

believes it was not a hoax but an accident of geological excavation. The evidence he provoked, however, is difficult to refute.

The modern scientific tests applied to the Piltdown remains prove that the cranium was a genuine fossil of about 50,000 years ago, while the jaw was that of a modern ape (which Marston disputes). But the tests did not end there. The bones were tested for their iron content. The genuine fossil brain-box contained 8 per cent. of iron all the way through. The jaw contained only 2 to 3 per cent. to a shallow depth. (Experiments are still going on to find how that impregnation with iron was faked.) The teeth had a black coating, but just a veneer, with white dentine below. Microscopic scrutiny is held to show that the teeth had been deliberately worn down with abrasive, and X-rays showed no evidence of secondary dentine, which would have been produced by natural wear-and-tear of teeth. Significantly, in view of Smith-Woodward's remonstrance, the jaw-bone was found to have been artificially treated with bichromate of potash. This certainly could not have happened after it was handed to Smith-Woodward in the gravel pit. That evidence might seem to point directly to Charles Dawson's being "Person X." Moreover, experts regard Dawson's subsequent discoveries of supporting evidence as also being fakes. But Dawson has his defenders.

The real point, however, is that the exposure of the Piltdown Man and the proof of the credulity of the experts raises much bigger issues. The joy of the Flat-Earthers, the Fundamentalists, the anti-Evolutionists and of those who maintain that Man was a Special Creation, exempt from the natural laws which may be valid for lesser creatures, is unbounded. They take no account of the fact that the Piltdown Jaw was an irrelevance in the genealogy of Man; that the cranium is still accepted as that of an ancestral *Homo sapiens*; and that, while the Link is still missing, there is derivative evidence of earlier points of divergence, sufficient to sustain the hypothesis that we are very much part of the evolutionary process, with remote genealogical affinity to the apes. More important, however, than the conceit of those Special Creatures, who accept Bishop Usher and the Book of Genesis or follow Bishop Wilberforce in his denunciations of Huxley, is the over-confidence of the Special Pleaders among the scientists. In no other area of science is so much liable to be assumed from so little.

For instance, a single tooth was taken as enough authority for the erection of a new genus of primates—until it was found to be the tooth of a kind of pig! Time sequences, with margins of error of hundreds of thousands of years, are "adjusted," and vestigial evidence extrapolated. If the remains are those of an erect animal whose brainbox is so small as to rule out tool-making capacity, but implements are found in association, then "obviously" there must have been a contemporary being who made those tools, although his remains have not been found. A tentative assumption of this kind may too readily be accepted as a "scientific" fact.

The Piltdown exposé should be a salutary reminder that physical anthropology is full of pitfalls. One of the most significant disclosures in the experts' report is the statement that the jaw-bone and canine tooth are "actually those of a modern ape (chimpanzee or orang)." "Or"? But these are very different animals. If it is so difficult to distinguish those modern types, how much more so it must be in the case of fossil apes, on the remains of which so many recent assumptions have been made.

RITCHIE CALDER

The Army and its Discipline

IT is an illusion to suppose that life in the Armed Forces can be made gracious or gentle. As the butler remarks in *Fanny's First Play* "there is no gentlemanly way of jilting a lady; the thing isn't gentlemanly in itself." Yet that life need not be barbarous, nor repugnant to a self-respecting man—or woman; and a community which desires both to be democratic and to survive must seek to combine, in its military law, the due proportions of justice, strictness and humanity.

When, in the spring of 1952, certain Labour M.P.s took the opportunity of the debate on the Army Annual Act to hold up Government business, their action was at first regarded as no more than an ingenious piece of obstruction. When the Government, in order to get the Annual Act through and save the Army from becoming an illegal assembly, agreed to set up a Select Committee to reform the Army Act itself, the real importance of the event was disclosed. The Select Committee, composed of eight Conservative, one Liberal and six Labour M.P.s, plunged unitedly, despite its partisan origin, into a sea of legal, moral, political and military problems from which they emerged at intervals with reports; they have now surfaced for the third time with a report on discipline. They have been helped throughout by a Departmental committee whose task was to provide information and to translate the decisions of the Select Committee into the language of an Act of Parliament. In order to give this committee something to work on without delay, the Select Committee prudently began by reaching decisions on the less controversial issues of billeting and enlistment. Its earlier reports, therefore, were useful but modest documents, adapting the Army's powers and duties to the conditions of a mechanised age, recommending, *inter alia*, that parents' consent should be required before a minor enters into a regular engagement in the Forces, and touching on the ancient obligation imposed on "keepers of victualling houses" to provide for each soldier billeted on them 14 ozs. of meat and 4 ozs. of bacon per day—not to mention hay, straw and oats for every horse (which word "shall apply to any beast of burden of whatever description").

The latest report is both more interesting and more important than its predecessors. Here, too, there are archaisms to be removed. It is no longer necessary, the Committee feel, to tell the Secretary of State explicitly that when he makes rules for punishment he may not authorise "flogging or attachment to a fixed object"; nor to suggest, by explicit prohibition, that soldiers are exceptionally prone to utter "disloyal and traitorous words"—King James II's soldiers, drinking the health of the Duke of Monmouth, are fading into history along with the triangle and the grim spectacle of men tied to cannon-wheels. The repeated references to drunkenness, as if this were the normal leisure occupation of a soldier, are likewise recommended for deletion.

The main serious issues are the use of the death penalty, the reform of military-judicial procedure, the correct definition of certain offences, and the comparative disciplinary treatment of officers and men. These matters had to be considered in the light of the great change that has been wrought in the Armed Forces by National Service and by the creation of the women's services. Because of these developments it is now both possible and desirable to require that military law shall follow the same principles as its civilian counterpart, and that the conditions of Service life, while necessarily rigorous, shall not be uncivilised.

It has been commonly supposed that the death penalty for cowardice was abolished some twenty years ago. Examination of the Act, however, shows that there are certain actions, of such a nature as to assist an enemy, which can be punished with death if they are done without traitorous intent but "shamefully" or through cowardice. The Committee seek to restrict the death penalty to acts done with traitorous intent. At present, also, the death penalty can be imposed, though it hardly ever is, for any form of mutiny, from shooting the colonel to failing to tell him that the men are planning a "sit-down strike." The Committee, after long argument, abandoned the attempt to classify the sit-down strike as something other than mutiny; they do, however, place in a special category, to which alone the death penalty shall attach, those mutinies which are either intended to assist the enemy or are accompanied by violence or threat of violence.

Turning its attention to the procedure for the arrest and trial of offenders, the Committee found its path smoothed by the work of earlier inquiries into courts-martial, and by the fact that the Courts-Martial Appeals Act has already set a civilian court at the head of the military judicial system. In such particular matters as procedure for arrest, the definition of perjury and the duties of the Judge-Advocate, reforms are recommended which are inspired by the spirit of civilian law. The only serious controversy in this field arose over the position of women officers. As the Act now stands it appears to be legally possible—though wildly unlikely—for a soldier to be tried for an offence such as cowardice, peculiarly relevant to masculine obligations, by a court composed entirely of women. The evidence and discussion on this point make fascinating reading, and it is noteworthy that the R.A.F. witnesses took a line approaching much more nearly to complete sex equality than did those from the Army. Unable to reduce the matter to the words of a Statute, the Committee suggests as a general rule that men should be tried by all-male courts and women by courts with a majority of women.

The main differences of opinion, not always on party lines, appeared over the punishment of delinquent officers. There was no difficulty in deciding that the present law is wrong in prescribing, for some serious offences, imprisonment for a soldier and merely cashiering for an officer. Cashiering, which once meant ruin, might today merely enable the offender to leave the Army for a more lucrative career. Likewise, it is proposed to afford some protection to junior officers by making it as much an offence to ill-treat an officer as to ill-treat a soldier. The designation, however, by Section 16 of the present Act, of an offence peculiar to officers—"scandalous conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman"—raises a nice point. What is the proper democratic view? If an officer has done something which is not contrary to the civil law (so that he cannot be caught under Section 41) or injurious to good order and military discipline (so that Section 40 will not apply) why should he be punished merely because his actions do not conform to a social code no longer generally accepted as valid? On the other hand, does not the word "gentleman" in its best sense imply that when a man, of whatever social origin, is set in a position of authority, special obligations of conduct are placed upon him? By a majority, the Committee decided to retain the clause, so that its disciplinary proposals as a whole are more exacting for officers than for men. Less contentious, though still giving rise to division of opinion, was the question whether such lesser

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penalties as fines and reduction of rank should be used for officers as they are for men, a proposal to which the majority of the Committee were opposed.

Throughout its proposals, the Committee has tended towards greater humanity and towards the sub-titution of justice in place of the quasi-paternal discipline which was considered appropriate to the old-time regular Army. This appears, for example, in the more precise definition of "malingering" and in the attitude of the Committee towards "condonation"—the practice whereby an offence may escape its legal penalty if a senior officer "forgives" the offender.

There is yet much work to be done: the proposals so far made will involve much consequential alteration in other sections of the Act, and the Committee has still to consider such important questions as the definition of "active service," and whether it is still necessary to make the Army Act's continuance subject to annual Parliamentary approval. There can be no doubt that when the Committee has completed its work, legislation will follow (though it will be for the Parliament of that time to decide how far it accepts the Committee's recommendations) of such a kind as to be a major landmark in the history of the Armed Forces.

MICHAEL STEWART

Marx in Illyria

[The author of this article, who is a Quaker, has recently returned after five months in Yugoslavia, where he has been organising an International Seminar for the American Society of Friends.]

SINCE the war, Belgrade's Majestic Hotel, with its neon lighting and interior like the lower deck of an old-fashioned liner, has catered exclusively for foreigners by charging more than Yugoslavs are able to pay. During the past two years a new element has been added to its pattern of earnest tourists and harassed Embassy wives. American businessmen can be seen leaning against the café pillars, savouring cigars and Turkish coffee while they await the visits of minor Government officials. Visible proof that Yugoslavia is already the tool of foreign capitalist exploitation, and that the Cominform's prediction has come true? Meet the businessmen and this simple interpretation of history is confounded. Most of them have been worn down by Yugoslavia's strange mixture of incompetence, hospitality and distrust.

"It makes me mad to think of those egg-heads back home who still think that enterprise and Government-control can be combined," Mr. X confessed ruefully; "I guess a visit to this God-damned spot would be the best cure they could have." Mr. Y, however, was still hopeful. Representative of a well-known oil company, he told me of the scheme which he had brought over: his firm had offered to pay for the building of all the main roads of the country so that they could carry tourist traffic—and anyone who has experienced even Yugoslavia's so-called "international" roads will agree with Mr. Y that this was "some offer." In return, Y's firm wanted permission to set up their own filling stations along the new routes. Alas, Y had been shuttled indefinitely between one Federal Committee and another, and sent from pillar to post through most of the six Republics. I suggested that this might be the Balkan way of saying "No," and added that the Yugoslav Government still believed private foreign investment to be incompatible with Socialism. At this, Mr. Y shook his head incredulously: if that was so, he said, how was it Congress had voted the dam' country a dollar loan?

That domestic capitalists have also received encouragement since 1948 is another Cominform charge, and one that seemed to me as little born out by fact. In Croatia, I met a man whose small business had been subjected to months of police persecution—although he employed less than a quarter of the permitted number of workers. When he exchanged his motor-cycle for a twenty-year-old car, the police took this as final proof that he was concealing his profits in order to evade taxation. He was taxed an extra 130,000 dinars (about £140; a large sum in Yugoslavia today) for the last quarter, and had to sell his car as well as his business in order to pay. Recently, too, in Bosnia, the managers of a building enterprise were given stiff sentences for having carried out some private contracts.

Another of the Cominform's charges was that the Yugoslav Communists adopted an "incorrect" policy towards the peasants by affirming that they, and not the industrial working class, were the most "stable foundation of the State." This attitude of Tito's was conditioned by the fact that, before the war, the urban proletariat hardly existed in any numbers outside Slovenia; and it was the peasants who were thus the backbone of the People's Liberation Army. The formation of agricultural collectives, therefore, took place at a much greater rate than in any of the other Eastern European countries. Today, the collectives have failed: probably no more than 5 per cent. of the rural population are members, as compared with the 20 per cent. claimed in 1949. In May, the Kulaks, or wealthier peasants, were deprived of all land above 10 hectares, a measure which, at the time of the break, Russia condemned Tito for not having introduced. The majority of the peasants have sunk back into a state of indifference to the régime, while the urban proletariat has emerged more strongly than ever as the favoured class. The unskilled industrial workers are paid the same wage as a young doctor or University lecturer, and receive free medical treatment and pensions from the State, while none of these State benefits is available to members of agricultural collectives, let alone private farmers.

After the break with the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia cast around for ideological justification for her stand, just as Russia had done for her attack. The Yugoslavs accused Russia of betraying Marxist-Leninism by falling into "bureaucracy" and "State capitalism." *Ergo*, as she herself had so faithfully copied the Russian model, she must get rid of bureaucracy and introduce "democratic Socialism." What exactly this involved it has taken five years of experimentation to find out. The findings can be listed briefly: decentralisation instead of planning; workers' control in industry instead of Government control; and the adoption by the Communist party (now called the League of Communists) of the role of educators within the wider and more vaguely defined "Socialist Alliance of Working People." The last of these changes is recent and may, in fact, amount to very little. But the other two do represent a real and drastic reversal of pre-1948 Yugoslav policy.

There are signs that the first results of rapid decentralisation are causing the Yugoslav leaders considerable worry—in spite of its soothing effect on regional and national tensions. In destroying "bureaucracy" the idea of competence has often been lost as well. I was told in Zagreb, for instance, that the appointment of a new director for an industrial enterprise takes four months, now that the Trade Union, the Town Council, the Producers' Council and the Workers' Collective all have to confirm it by stages. This sort of democracy could make even the best-laid schemes unworkable. In actual fact, however, new schemes of any kind have more or less ceased to exist. Federal planning has been abandoned—except in the spheres of transport and defence—on the grounds that it tends to create a "centralist" State machine. In conversation with one of the chief members of the Constitution-making Committee I was told that, should Macedonia wish to start a shoe factory or a cement works, it will be the function of the National Bank—to whom the enterprise will have to apply for a loan—to decide whether the project is viable. As the bank will need to make sure of adequate security for its loan, it will be in the bank's interest, so the theory runs, to find out whether the factories in the rest of the country are already able to meet the demand.

Yet in this strange mixture of Marxism and *laissez-faire*, the Workers' Councils, at least, can claim a remarkable success. These now exist in all industries except the railways; they are elected yearly by the whole enterprise, a meeting being also held to review the Council's decisions once a month. Their power is genuine, if limited. In several cases they have dismissed State-appointed directors whose policy or behaviour they disliked, and elected the successors themselves. However, they control no more than a portion of the profits of their enterprise. Because of the risk of inflation, the trade unions have interfered many times this summer in order to "persuade" Workers' Councils to reinvest money which they were about to distribute in wage increments. Yet, on the whole, the Workers' Councils have done a magnificent job in raising morale, output and quality in the factories by a more rational organisation of the work and the dismissal of redundant administrative staff. And in all the many meetings which I attended—in shops, hotels, paper factories and steel works—I was impressed by the serious interest of the members, their genuine feeling that the enterprise now really belonged to *them* and their intelligent grasp of its problems.

Yugoslavia today is neither the capitalist hell depicted by the Cominform, nor the Socialist paradise acclaimed by its propagandists. The country is rational, muddled, liberal, totalitarian and Marxist all at the same time. Will a viable and significant political system emerge from this experimental chaos? The West, by co-operating with Yugoslavia on Yugoslavia's own terms, could help its emergence. For we must make no mistake: the only alternative to "liberal

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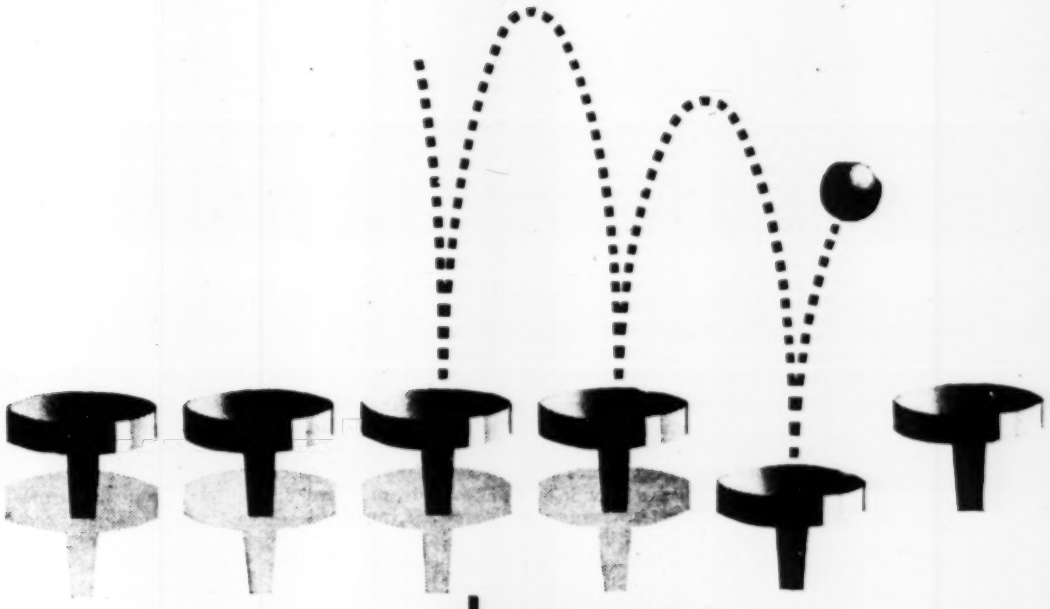

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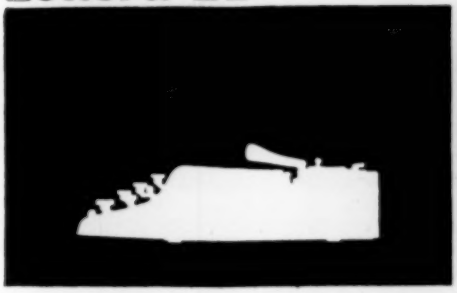

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Marxism" in Yugoslavia is not free enterprise or even social democracy, as the businessmen in the Majestic Hotel so mistakenly imagine, but a return to the totalitarian Marxism from which the country is so painfully trying to shake itself free.

HALLAM TENNYSON

Feuille Morte

NOW, when she described the emotion to herself, or even to other people, although it was something like twenty years since the day she had first met him, she could still invest each detail with the original flavour of exquisite uncertainty: a tangle and blurring of words, unfinished sentences tapering off into a sad little smile and a delicate drooping of the wrists. The whole of her life was mysteriously shadowed, as the brim of her hat cast lilac splashes on her cheeks: "You see, my dear, the little secret was to keep them like two happy saucepans, just off the boil." She would have described the movement of her hands as she expressed this emotional feat, this refinement in the art of love, as "sheer poetry"—leaving the confidant of the moment deeply aware of his own gaucherie.

To maintain the poetry in her life, to feed and fatten the emotion once it had been regularised (after her husband had, like a dying man, made several sharp strokes in the air—quite insignificant and entirely useless—and then like David turned his face to the wall) and to maintain the atmosphere of shadowy not-quite-love, had been as simple as turning the gramophone handle: a stocking or silk scarf pushed into the sound box to take off the edges of the human voice and then the whispering indefinable subtlety of "*La vie est vaine . . .*" followed by "*Votre âme est un paysage choisi.*" Oh, it had all been so exactly as she had hoped and wished it might be, from the moment in her fourteenth year when she had first opened a book of Verlaine.

In Bournemouth, in spite of the pines and the landscaped thickets of rhododendrons that blackened the naturally steep framework of the town, there was a nostalgic discontent in her heart. Perhaps retirement had brought an oversimplification of her situation, or there was no longer the need to slip away in the early evening to the lounge of some old-fashioned Kensington Hotel to meet him, now that they all lived under the almost conventual roof of "Heathlands"—a boarding house (in a road that stood at right angles to the promenade) boasting a sea view, subsequently discovered to be so only from the lavatory and landing windows.

"My husband's friend is an artist," she had told the hotel owners; "for him it is essential to have some vision of nature to feed on." And she would leave him, after a gentle pat on the bony dome of his skull, letting her hand travel down to the tip of his finely arched nose—more a gesture of regret than of affection, and not to be prolonged. She would leave him sitting in the upright wicker chair at the window, bent just a little forward because that was the way most comfortable for his poor back since the last stroke.

After tea had always been their time: between the hours of five and six, before afternoon faded into evening, was the time when they could come closest to each other in spirit. In the London winters, she had hurried through the streets to the little green and white bandstand perched at the edge of the Round Pond. There he would be waiting, quite naturally, with all the grave elegance of the aristocrat; as if he had just stepped down from the white pillared house behind the trees where he had sat all the afternoon counting and re-counting the number of trees felled in his forest during the past month.

It was different now, in Bournemouth. To begin with, he was unable to take more than a few tottery steps towards the wash-stand. (She secretly resented the sturdy, almost indecently developed calves of her husband, whose requirements were no more than the distance from the hotel to the cinema.)

Lately she had taken to walks by herself; along the windy front, chattering softly in a language that was neither French nor English; forming words and ideas that floated out to sea, insubstantial as paper boats. Sometimes she would hesitate and speak to a face; or stare down into strange young eyes searching for the soul behind. Once she had cried out: "Don't look at me as if I was an old woman, can't you see that I am young behind my eyes?" She would tell Edward of these encounters, describing them with dipping swallow-like gestures and fluttering sighs; trying, although she knew it to be impossible, to revive the feelings of twenty years ago. "If you could only believe in me enough to walk." This was the final barb before she left him to change her dress for dinner.

After his second stroke there was a horrifying change in his physical condition, and their relationship ended abruptly. She could stand before him in all the gathered beauty of gauzy hat and trailing chiffon scarf, stand with her hands actually touching the crumpled skin of his cheeks, and all he could do was to droop slightly the lid of his left eye acknowledging his pleasure in her presence.

He was completely paralysed, and the power of speech was denied him. "He is still so very handsome, my poor Edward," she wrote to a friend in Paris, "I stand and embrace his unfeeling hands, and it is as perfect as caressing an effigy carved in the coldest marble."

After several weeks of endurance—a trained nurse installed in the room next to his, and she herself constantly in attendance, as she expressed it—she could bear it no longer: "One cannot waste one's entire spirit on an animal," she remarked to her husband after a long night in the sick-room when the nurse was off duty; "he knows nothing now, except the fear that his milk slops might be taken away from him before he has emptied the bowl."

It had been terrible to see the fear in those greedy eyes, the beseeching look, when as a gesture of defiance to prove to herself that she could still evoke a spark of emotion even in an almost dead man, she had playfully taken the half-filled bowl from under his chin and put it on the dressing table. Then she had quite coldly folded her hands and stared into his empty face. "Of course," she hastened to add when she was describing the episode, "I let him finish up the remains in the bowl afterwards."

They arranged for him to go to a home for indigent gentlefolk situated a little way out of Bournemouth in the direction of Southampton. "When I go to see Edward," she thought, riding along in a single-decker bus, "I shall try to think of all the trees that have cast cool shadows over my life. I shall try to think of him lying there, quietly resting, but supremely aware." She bothered to redden the full part of her puckered lips; to put on a romantic hat and scarf and fasten a faded velvet rose to the shoulder of her dress. It was, after all, just as it had always been. The position had never altered, she told herself; whether she was walking swiftly through the park, the wind ruffling the bunch of feathery curls over her forehead, her hands plunged into the little fur muff, going towards the bandstand; or whether she rode on a Southern Counties bus to visit him, now that he was indisposed. It was still exactly as it had always been: love had never grown cold. She carried this feeling with her right up to the final stages of the journey, until she had her hand on the knob and was pushing open the door.

On the last Saturday of his life, the matron sent a request for her to step into the office on her way out. "But he seems exactly the same," she had remonstrated, noting the hard unfeeling quality of the other woman's cuffs. "He moved his eyes, twice he moved his eyes, there was a glint of amusement that I could interpret, he was smiling at me with his eyes."

The matron felt for the watch pinned beneath the thick stuff of her apron. "Nevertheless, Mrs. Ellworth, he is a very sick man as you undoubtedly know, and if there are any relatives who might wish to see him, they should be informed at once. The Doctor said that it can only be a matter of days."

Walking out of the narrow hall where the air smelled of illness and cooking unsuccessfully masked by disinfectant, she came suddenly into the brilliant sun, that showed up and made uglier the yellow gravel of the paths. "That terrible woman . . ." she thought, wincing as the stones pierced the flimsy fabric of her shoes— "That terrible woman trying to probe into his past, when I have been his entire past." She spoke to her husband at dinner; felt the isolation of long unshared conversation closing in on her, and went to bed early.

Three days later, he died, quite alone, at three o'clock in the morning. They told her on the telephone: "He must have slipped away while Nurse was answering another bell; he looked so much the same when she returned that she did not at first notice that he had gone."

She covered her face with black tulle pinned firmly into the crown of her hat, and rode over on the bus at the same time as usual to see him. When she saw the sympathetic expression on the matron's face, and then the smoothed out countenance of the recently prepared dead, a shudder went through her body. "You've changed him," she hissed, when she came out of the death chamber, "you've tampered with his expression. No one, not even I, has ever seen such a look of resignation on his face." She wondered if she had said too much, if indeed she had spoken at all. The matron continued to regard her with the same look of fixed sympathy.

Later in the afternoon, she walked along the treed roads, up and down, in and out of the frequent hollows black with laurel; sitting sometimes to rest on a seat; letting the wind touch her face, move her curls as it had done so often before. She did not weep for Edward, or even think very much about his death. She whispered little snatches of poetry under her breath, sometimes repeating the same lines over and over again; savouring the words separately as if each had a secret and detached meaning of its own.

They announced his death in *The Times*, giving "Heathlands" Private Hotel as his last address. The nursing home she refused to acknowledge. It had been a great failure. He had hardly known her there—and perhaps things might have been different. "Imagine," she wrote several weeks later to a friend, "his ex-wife has turned up here to stay. She has insisted that about five Masses in Latin be said for him. I stand by and say nothing, and only hope the incantation will not be fatal to his soul."

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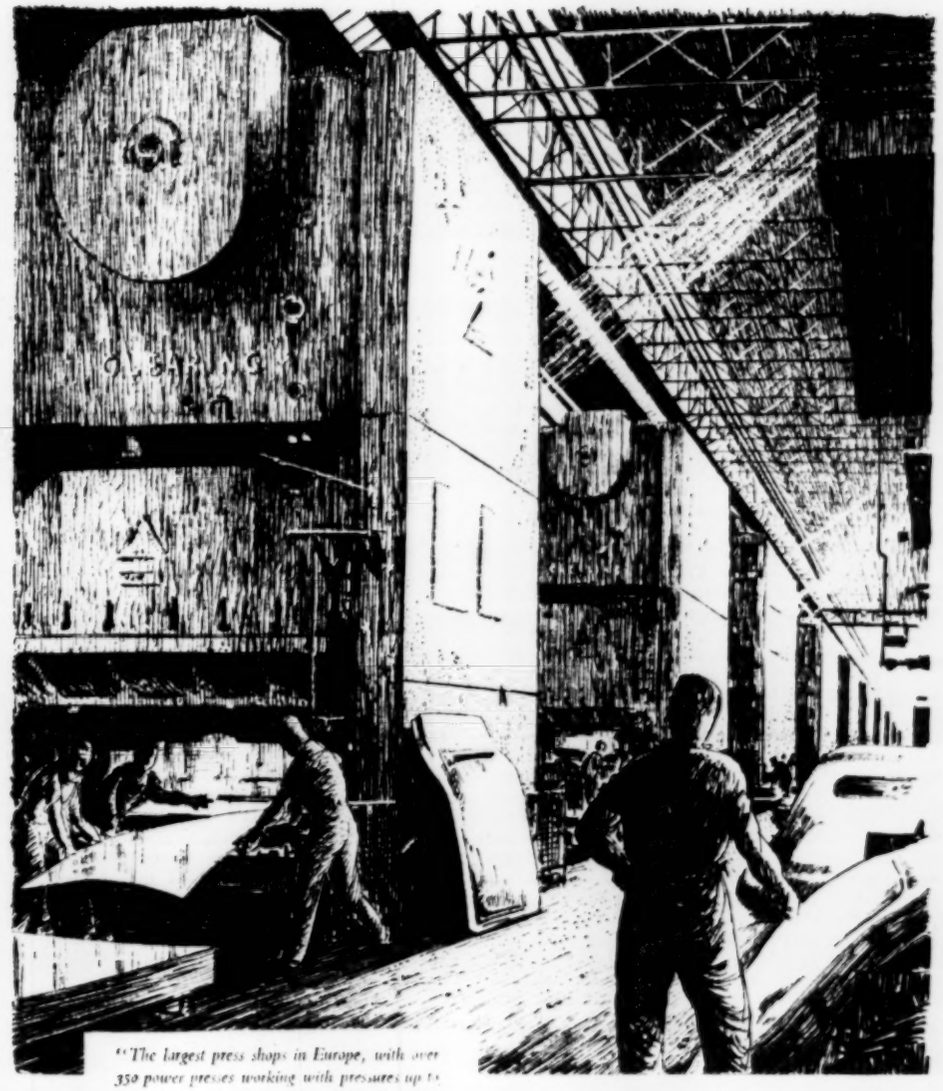

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The Arts and Entertainment

PYGMALION

THE revival of *Pygmalion* by Mr. John Clements and Miss Kay Hammond, at the St. James's Theatre, is a first-class piece of work. It is admirably acted in the major and the minor roles, and so expertly produced that the play immediately re-establishes itself as a classic of English comedy. Those who know the work only from the popular screen version will be surprised, I think, to find how much funnier and stronger it is as a play, and how different is its effect. Inevitably the screen version disperses the interest, and as Sir Desmond MacCarthy pointed out, imports into the story a wishy-washy wish fulfilment of a flower girl's society progress. Nothing could be farther from Shaw's intentions than this, and, in the play, by avoiding the scene of Eliza's triumph—a scene on which the cinema naturally spread itself—that vulgar view of the situation never comes up at all.

On the other hand, a different vulgar view of the situation does inevitably come up at the end of the play. What are to be the final relations between this Pygmalion and his creation? And I have never felt Shaw's solution of it to be satisfactory on the stage, however reasonably it may be argued in the epilogue which he later added. Doubtless Eliza would marry someone more like Freddie Eynsford-Hill than Henry Higgins, but surely the important point from the play's point of view cannot help being her further relations with Henry Higgins. Shaw is explicit about them, too, in that same epilogue. "It is not in the slightest doubt as to his remaining one of the strongest personal interests in her life." And Mr. John Clements is justified, I think, in substituting for Shaw's bad last line one which indicates this clearly enough.

Mr. Clements is the more justified because he displays throughout in his acting the most thorough and complete comprehension of Shaw's intentions. I cannot imagine Henry Higgins better acted. The total disregard for everyone else's feelings displayed by the egocentric artist would be intolerable (and indeed is intolerable when that is all an actor gets) if it weren't mitigated by a real passion for his art—for Higgins is the type of the artist—which displays itself in a divine impatience, at one and the same time attractive and absurd. Mr. Clements gets all this. His coattails flutter and his hair flies as he dashes blindly to his point, and it is an accident whether in his passage towards it he knocks over two occasional tables and the fire irons or wounds to the quick a just growing soul. The soft charm of Leslie Howard in the film missed the whole point of Henry Higgins. He should share with many other of the Shaw heroes a vitality which is a kind of self-possession and which amounts to brutality in its disregard for other people. This is, by the way, about the only temperamental disposition which Shaw did not see through or round, because it was a reflection of his own. It was a far less attractive quality than he ever seemed to be aware of.

Mr. Clements has much the most difficult task in creating Henry Higgins, and so deserves the more praise for bringing it off. Eliza's part, depending as it does on a clearly stated situation, is really easier to act. But Miss Hammond's performance deserves much congratulation, too. She defied expectation and shed her famous mannerism and gave a very complete account of Eliza from start to finish. Above all, the tea-party scene was beautifully timed and turned. It loses nothing from the fact that "bloody" as a violent expletive has been superseded by the Kinsey swear words. The beginning is as funny as the end, and this remains one of the supreme comic scenes in the language. One small deficiency, I noticed, in Miss Hammond's performance. In the fourth act, where she and the two bachelors come back triumphant from the ball and they disregard her she does not, surely, register enough. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was supposed to be particularly brilliant here. Miss Hammond looks only sulky and impassive; she doesn't rise to the murderous, as she surely should. The result is that she tends to sink back into being disregarded by the audience as well as the bachelors. That was not intended.

An excellent cast support the principals. Mr. Charles Victor is a quite perfect Doolittle admirably restrained and yet extremely expressive. The part can easily stick out awkwardly if it is overdone. Mr. Victor's triumph is to be always "in keeping," without losing any of the fun. Miss Athene Seyler, Miss Susan Richmond and the rest fit in exactly into Laurence Irving's very apt settings.

The Group Theatre is naturally a little on the defensive over its new annual production. Not that *A Publican's Story*, to which they gave an admirable full-scale production last Sunday, is a failure; on the contrary, it was a great success. But it may be reasonably argued that it is hardly the kind or even style of play which the Group Theatre was revived to produce. As one in a full programme (if the Group Theatre could only afford such) *A Publican's Story* would certainly deserve a place as an example of the realistic style, sensitively handled in the writing, the acting and the production.

The authors, Kenneth Allott and Stephen Tait, take us behind the saloon bar into the living quarters of a pub, where the publican battles it out with his womenfolk. He is a weak man, continually worsted by a fiendish wife who gets at him through the daughters, to whom he is devoted. The strength of the play lies more in the incidentals than the central struggle. The play is firmly grounded in its place and time, the atmosphere is convincingly caught. The two schoolgirl daughters (Perlita Neilson and Pat Pleasance) are nicely contrasted and vividly written, and the cheerful, earthy barmaid, admirably played by Kathleen Boutall, is a delightfully drawn character. Mr. Charles Leno and Miss Vivienne Bennett are the publican and his wife, and they, too, are lifelike and real as long as they remain what they essentially are, representatives of the ordinary average human mixture. As the struggle between them rises in intensity, it loses a little in conviction, and the final reconciliation round the Christmas tree, though it quite succeeds in avoiding the sentimental, barely satisfies. But this is to apply (as one is accustomed to doing with Group Theatre productions) the stringent test. The play as a whole holds and carries, and we shall doubtless see it again. The present production under Mr. Roy Walker reaches a very high standard for a Sunday night performance.

At the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, a remarkably near shot at the almost impossible. Mr. Michael Voysey has written a play for three characters (virtually two), all of which belong to the inarticulate classes. To hold the stage for two hours (even if only just) with such material is something of a feat for which author and producer (Robert Mitchell) and the two players Neil McCallum and Helena Hughes deserve congratulations, as also does Margaret Peacock for an imaginative set.

T. C. WORSLEY

RITUAL DANCES

IF all goes well we should hear Michael Tippett's opera *The Midsummer Marriage* at Covent Garden in 1955. It is a "quest" opera, like *The Magic Flute*. Its characters are Jenifer and Mark, a "marvellous" couple whose very names are charged with Celtic myth; and Bella and Jack, a pretty secretary and handsome mechanic, a modern Papagena and Papageno. Tippett has written his own libretto, and its action is concerned with "the adventures and misadventures of two couples who, on Midsummer Day, live through an exciting twenty-four hours, alternately in and out of touch with the supernatural world, on a hill-top with a classical temple." Tippett has extracted four dances from the opera and published them separately as *Ritual Dances*. The B.B.C. have given them once; Hamburg, Munich and Liverpool have heard them; and we must thank the Royal Philharmonic Society for the first concert performance in London, on Wednesday of last week.

The Dances are linked to the four seasons and to the four elements: the Earth in Autumn (the Hound hunts the Hare); the Waters in Winter (the Otter hunts the Fish); the Air in Spring (the Hawk hunts the Bird); and Fire in Summer (the voluntary human Sacrifice). Superficially they parallel the movements of a symphony. But the composer has expressly forbidden this approach, and bade us think of them as narrative. A Prelude is redolent of summer heat, then we move to the dances, each introduced by a Transformation and a Preparation which allow the scene to be changed, and the dancers of Hunter and Hunted to change their dress and draw their breath. We can regard the Dances as three manifestations of the natural order, culminating in an act which transcends it. We can enjoy the tonal description, the slow-moving winter waters (violas murmuring through horn chords), the sudden dart of the fish (a streaking pair of clarinets). We can also enjoy them simply as music.

But the most important thing about the Dances seems to be the new sureness of Tippett's musical style. Always we have felt in his music a visionary quality; we have sensed too the strain with which his concepts have found musical expression. "Clumsy" would not be an unfair word for some passages in the earlier works; though in a country which sometimes regards facility and sincerity as incompatibles, the very clumsiness may have helped people to realise that Tippett's music was deep. But however we view the Dances—as sound, as structure, or as communication—they reveal the sure touch of a master. The orchestra is treated with Ravelian virtuosity; the pattern of the Dances is shapely; and their impact on emotion and intellect—to judge by the audience's response this was general—is overwhelming. At

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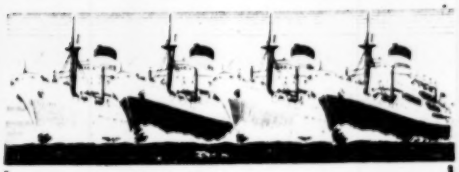

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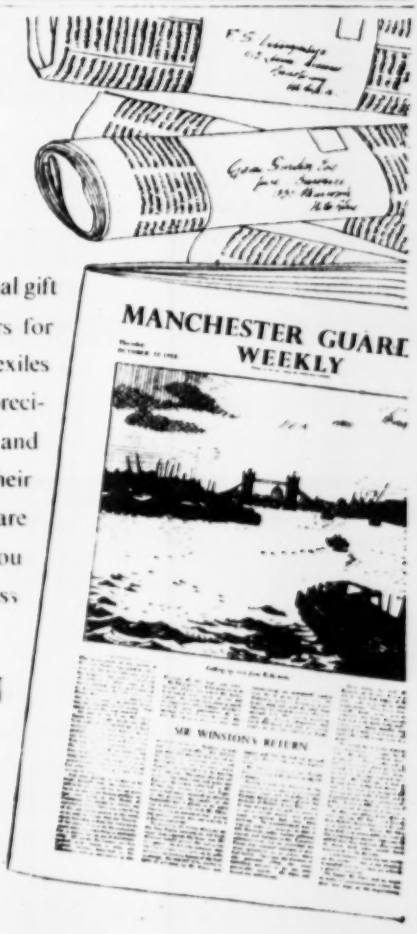

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the end one thought of *Götterdämmerung*—and did not think the comparison absurd.

I must add that the Dances are built of strong, memorable thematic material (i.e. tunes). Their relation to *The Midsummer Marriage* cannot yet be described. But they are surely Tippett's finest work to date, and I hope that, many times before 1955, we hear them again. Paul Sacher conducted the R.P.O. in a brilliant performance. The day before, with the English Opera Group ensemble, he gave the first London hearing of Stravinsky's *Cantata* (1952), a slender little concoction by a master whose superb technical skill has never been in question. Two flutes, oboe, cor anglais and cello afford a quaint, primitive-sounding accompaniment to the female chorus. Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century lyrics are used as an excuse for some cerebral note-placing. Peter Pears and Joan Cross in the Sitwell-Walton *Façade*, wonderfully fresh, brought back warmth and poetry to the concert.

ANDREW PORTER.

RADIO NOTES

It is a sign of the terrifying progress we have made in the past few years that the word "quiz" in the sense in which it is applied to some radio programmes, meaning the act of acquiring information by question and answer, is not to be found in the edition of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* dated 1926. The renovation of the word is due entirely to broadcasting. Just how broadcasting could survive without its quizzes is a problem perhaps better not considered. Most quizzes, whether one likes them or not, are innocent enough, as innocent indeed as the parlour games from which so many of them spring. *Frankly Speaking*, however, is not innocent; its aim is to expose, and its effect can be embarrassing or brutal. An eminent person is questioned by three interviewers, indeed cross-questioned and cross-examined, with the intention, I suppose, of piercing the mask and disclosing the face beneath. There have been times when the eminent person has appeared like nothing so much as an old bull chivvied and goaded to his knees by a trio of matadors.

Last week, without any question, the bull won; indeed, one felt that, had the programme lasted another five minutes, the bull would have turned the tables completely, become matador himself and had his persecutors grovelling. The bull was Mr. Evelyn Waugh. He gave a superb performance. The questions put to him, questions which, in the ordinary intercourse of civilised society, would be regarded as impertinent or silly or both, he brushed aside with disdain or contempt or answered with the unanswerable epigram. Did he, he was asked, like the human race? "Liking the human race," came the retort, "is the prerogative of God, not of men." It was a wonderful exhibition, and Mr. Waugh's High-Toryism had his interlocutors completely groggy. But all the same, how *very* silly some of the questions were, and what openings were missed. One had the feeling, as one has had in this series before, that the questioners had come to the baiting of the victim in almost utter ignorance of his work.

Radio—it is one of its pleasures and it perils—is always unpredictable. I should not, for example, have expected the North of England programme *Horses Can't Talk*, a report on the slaughter of horses for human consumption and the cruelty said to go with it, to be a model of its kind. Yet so it proved to be. The initial difficulty, the British sentimentality about the horse, which raises the beast almost to the status of honorary Englishman, was firmly grasped at the beginning and kept in mind throughout, especially by Mr. Denis Mitchell, who discussed the whole subject with his fellow-author, Mr. Patrick Keatley, the journalist who first exposed the traffic in horses in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr. Keatley was, I think, shown by Mr. Mitchell to have been over-emotional in some of his articles. Yet many horrifying instances of cruelty were raised and some proved; the deficiencies of the law were thoroughly exposed. And the whole programme, with its interviews with vets, scientists, horse-dealers and slaughterers, was alive from beginning to end, alive partly because of the very speed with which the programme was taken, partly because of the richness and variety of the speakers' voices, Lancashire, Irish, Canadian. It was a programme full of character.

I was commenting two or three weeks ago, *à propos* of *First Reading*, of the responsibility radio as a medium throws upon the editor of anthology and magazine programmes, for it is in the editor and the words he uses to link his separate items that the unity of such programmes lies. The problem cropped up again last week, in Mr. G. S. Fraser's *New Poetry*, a programme of readings from recently published books of verse. Mr. Fraser, I thought, surmounted it admirably. All the poems that were read—by Mr. Sydney Goodsir Smith, Mr. W. S. Merwin, Mr. Charles Causley, Miss Ruth Pitter and Mr. Idris—approximated in some sense to ballads or relied to some extent on folk sources: Mr. Fraser began and ended by giving us a touchstone of judgment, some stanzas of "Waly, Waly, up the Bank." Thereby a standard was set and a unity achieved; and Mr. Fraser was spared the necessity of making undue claims for the poems he had chosen. The programme, in fact, became a very satisfying example of criticism by comparison, and what Mr. Fraser had to say was always judicious.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Robe," at the Odeon
"The Juggler," generally released

Classical Rome, which has brought to the screen in recent weeks Shaw and Shakespeare, now descends to saccharine and sensation. *The Robe* tells the story of a tribune (Richard Burton)—rescued from drink by a childhood love (Jean Simmons)—who bids for a slave (Victor Mature) against the Emperor's nephew and is forthwith banished to Israel. There he commands the party of soldiers who crucify Christ. The slave is converted and escapes with Christ's robe; our hero, tormented by strange guilts, tries to find him, and returns to Rome to be accused by Caligula of treason and Christianity. He denies the first and admits the second. He and his lady, condemned to death, walk away heavenwards to the chime of triumphant Hallelujahs.

Most of this film I found dull and the rest nauseating. The vulgarity by which the Crucifixion has been made into a sideshow for a third-rate novelettish story is bad enough. Worse are the atrocities accompanying it: Christ's blood drips in Technicolor on to the hand of the tribune leaning against the cross. It has been said of films (or, if it hasn't, now is the time to say it) that they make themselves offensive or ridiculous by putting in all that art would leave out. The Crucifixion has been the subject of great art, and of naive belief. In *The Robe* it is neither.

I think that any normally sensitive man or woman, whether believing Christian or not, will be shocked by certain aspects of *The Robe*. The mixture of cruelty and slush isn't new; the other week—rather differently proportioned—it made its appeal in *From Here to Eternity*; in fact, nothing pays better. The queues on the south of Leicester Square have been long and

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patient; those to the east will, I am sure, stretch even longer. For this isn't only the occasion of *The Robe*—hoisted in sequined letters over our streets—but of CinemaScope, which, having enormously plunged, must now recuperate.

The screen (as no doubt, by now, everyone knows) is several times the width of an ordinary screen, and half as high as it's long: a broad oblong, in fact. On this strip a panorama is projected. It is suited to crowd scenes (and also, I should say, tugs-of-war and horse races), and the originality of *The Robe* is in its market places, palaces, stretches of countryside. One certainly gets *more* of these than ever before; and during close-ups there is plenty of encouragement for a wandering attention. There's a chase, also, towards the end, of a long line of horsemen after a four-horse chariot: we see the first in elongation and the second head on. That comes off. But is it worth forcing a whole film into this letter-box shape (absurdly, by the way, said to correspond with natural vision), for the sake of a half-minute thrill? *The Robe* sets out to stun by spectacle. Compare it with *Intolerance*, with Griffith's Babylon, and its spectacularity dwindles to nothing. In those scenes, by the way, Griffith at one point narrowed his view for a few instants to a vertical strip in order to emphasise the fall of bodies from a height. He didn't invent a tall screen, heighten every film, and call it Cinema-Pole. But in those days Hollywood hadn't been scared out of its wits.

The Juggler is a new film directed by Edward Dmytryk and rather mysteriously denied West End showing. It concerns a Jew (Kirk Douglas), after the concentration camps, arriving in an Israel where the wires and encampments prolong his frenzy. In desperation he bludgeons a policeman and is hunted down. The background is fascinating, the alliance of pity and the thriller not altogether easy. But this is an honest and humane film, worth ten of *The Robe*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Degas Nude, at Tooth's

This painting (dated 1896) is the masterpiece on show in London at the moment. The nude, with her back to the spectator—foreshortened diagonally across the picture, lies on a towel with which she is also drying herself. The soft pink and red vibration of the background wallpaper may well have been an early example to Bonnard. In the foreground is a jug, basin, and sponge. Because the picture was painted on a coarse canvas, none of the forms has a sharp edge. Their extraordinary firmness entirely derives from the internal whittled tension of their drawing (the picture is *drawn* like a bow). It is a painting that demonstrates many lessons; how realistic images profoundly experienced and known can gain all the formal sheerness of abstractions; how, when this happens, one's enjoyment of the inter-alignment of every square inch of the canvas is inseparable from one's wonder at the artist's extension of the directly human meaning of his subject; how with great drawing one always feels that the forms have been apprehended, studied, and then released—here the model's spontaneous movements look as free as those of a bird that has just been thrown back into the air; how indirect can be the relationship between artist's personal opinions and the significance of his work—when Degas painted this most human picture he was bitterly hypochondriacal, misanthropic and anti-Semitic; how the painter, in order to understand any pose of the body, must first discover the cardinal points of structural concentration to which he must polarise every subsequent mark he makes. Yet, finally, of course, like all masterpieces, the picture remains a mystery. No dissertation on tones or colour values can quite explain why a marmalade-coloured splodge can so absolutely convince as a sponge, why we can imagine so precisely the course of drops of water running down the other, invisible side of her body, why one brushmark can generate the cold of an enamel basin and another the warmth of hair. Nor can we completely explain our pleasure in such things. They are facts of faith.

J. B.

Three Pianists, in the Festival Hall

Brilliant young pianists, who unite musical understanding with impeccable technique, are springing on us in bewildering profusion. A fortnight ago brought Paul Badura-Skoda, a Viennese, pupil of Fischer, who in Beethoven's B flat Concerto, with Harry Blech's London Mozart Players as collaborators, displayed an Augustan command. Affection for the music was evident, if not spontaneity; all was controlled by a fine and astonishingly mature musical intelligence. His playing is classical—firm and clean, intellectual without being cold. The previous Sunday Richard Farrell, a New Zealander who comes to us by way of America, joined Goossens and the L.S.O. in Rachmaninoff's Paganini Variations and Ravel's Left-Hand Concerto, bringing crisp, perfectly controlled phrasing which delighted the ear, and, particularly in the Ravel, a beautifully poetic line. The third, Byron Janis, a pupil of Horowitz, I heard only in rehearsal, in a coruscating account of Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto—a swagger interpretation, with tone that flashed through the Philharmonia's richest tutti. "Promise" gives the wrong idea of these three, since already they afford so much pleasure. Mr. Blech's concert offered, too, the rarely heard *Davidde Penitente*, a lenten cantata adapted by Mozart from his unfinished C minor Mass. Goossens gave the first London performance of the *Josephslegende* Symphonic Fragment, the reduction of the ballet suite which Strauss prepared in late life. It is right that we should have heard these works once, even if in the event neither was particularly interesting. The Mozart had two beautiful choruses (the *Kyrie* and *Qui tollis* from the Mass, in fact). The Strauss proved to be all that detractors call his music: commonplace material inflated.

A. P.

Correspondence

HANDS AND BRAINS

SIR,—I am grateful to Mrs. Balogh for the crumbs of approval which have fallen to me from her article on "Student Suicides." I would like to comment on certain impressions that incomplete or misrepresented versions of my paper on *The Causes of Failure in Examinations* appear to have given her.

In the first place I made no suggestion whatever that breakdowns (as a cause of failure) were the prerogative of any social class; highly strung and sensitive individuals may appear even among the wealthier classes. I merely argued that one among the many possible causes of difficulty was the conflict which may arise through the transition from one background to another, and the student's failure to adapt himself to a new set of conditions; and sometimes, when he has made such adjustments, the failure of his family and friends to make their own in relation to him. Such cases are matters of experience, not of theory. What is true is the likelihood of a difference in attitude between the man who regards a University education as a normal step, who has a tolerably clear object in embarking on it, and who realises its virtues and limitations; and the man to whom the University represents, at the end of a long series of examination hurdles, a still higher hurdle at which failure becomes intolerably shameful, and success is likely to be overvalued. Such a man, who may have been "selected" at what seems to many of us a monstrously early age, may end up under a degree of moral and emotional tension which can, on occasion, prove a severe handicap. These tensions can be emphasised by parental pride and anxiety, by the pressure of schools who wish to add to their list of awards and "admissions gained" for the next Speech-Day, or by the not uncommon reactions of the man who is forced against his will into a specific course of study in order to conform to a parental "idea" of what he should become or be. Any of these pressures or tensions may sometimes lead to failure or wastage. The fact that the percentages of these are so small is no reason for not attempting to diminish them.

Mrs. Balogh accuses me of "falling back on generalisations about 'unsuitability for University life.'"

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

The phrase is one which I did not use. I merely gave details of a number of factors which, in my view, might tend to account for failure. It is perhaps necessary to recapitulate them. Failure, partial or complete, might be expected from students whose minds had been "burnt out" by cramming, particularly for examinations leading up to an award; those who did not really wish to "learn and to accept the discipline" (the word is used of course in the academic sense) "of a University course"; those who could not concentrate; those who were bored or uninterested; those who were not prepared to confront and overcome real or imagined physical or social handicaps; those whose interests were widely dispersed; and those who had not sufficient moral or mental stamina to "endure that toil of growing up" while engaged in reasonably strenuous work. Among several thousand young men and women it is certain that many, perhaps the majority, will find life difficult; and for this generation the difficulties are certainly not decreasing. What is interesting is the fact that nearly all come through with a courage and gaiety, and a steady growth in maturity, that is (to me at least) a constant source of admiration.

Mrs. Balogh writes of "all young people who, having the minds and bodies of adults, are given the status of children by the University." Neither assumption seems to me valid. No doctor would suggest that we possess the minds and bodies of adults at eighteen or so, though the development of both after two years' National Service is often striking, and usually beneficial to the student. A practical test of the statement that they are "given the status of children" has been greeted with derisory laughter by the men themselves. Perhaps Mrs. Balogh has failed to distinguish between the normal ceremonial life of a community, and some Abbey of Thelema of her own imagining. Or is she merely attempting a free translation of the phrase *in statu pupillari*?

I must refer to a superb *non sequitur* in Mrs. Balogh's indictment "The dangerous view that we are offering University education to a higher proportion of the population than can benefit from it, and that it is the policy of augmenting the numbers of students that has brought about this heavy incidence of nervous breakdowns, shows up the prevalent satisfaction of most dons with the existing pattern and methods of study" I did not express, or even hint at, satisfaction with the present pattern and methods of study; I suggested, on the contrary, that examinations and their results were being forced into a wrong perspective. I did not say that there was a "heavy incidence of nervous breakdowns"; I said that breakdowns were a contributory cause of failure in a comparatively small overall percentage, which I estimated at 6% from all causes, including illness other than mental; I did not suggest that it was "the policy of augmenting the numbers of students" that had brought these breakdowns; I said that in my view "it was impossible to effect an enormous increase in the number of graduates in technical subjects without a grave depreciation in the standard of their qualifications."

I believe that this holds good, for arts subjects as well as science. Many institutions are now faced with the predicament, in certain faculties or departments, of accepting a serious drop in numbers or of lowering their standards of admission. In those at which a high degree of selection is possible (perhaps involving 10% or less, of the applicants) the number of qualified men who are finally rejected appears to be small.

And the reason for this is clear. Few schoolmasters will dissuade a boy from attempting to get to a University so long as they feel he has the ghost of a chance of admission. Many boys appear to apply, without advice from their schools, lacking any knowledge of the standards involved, and without any idea of how they will be employed when they graduate. If admission is highly competitive, they may be crammed beyond their capacity in their attempts to achieve it. If they do secure entrance they may find that a poorish honours degree, without compensating qualities of personality, is not the golden key that they had once imagined. And perhaps no member of the community is more pitiable than the unemployed or unemployable graduate. Each University must set its own standards, and rid itself of those who cannot, or will not, measure up to them; but some experience of several Universities suggests that consideration often errs on the side of leniency. No University will ever be free from the disgruntled, the hostile and the failures: no University will ever be so efficient as to be beyond the reach of well-informed criticism, or the need for constant development and improvement. But is is at least necessary to be realistic, and accurate, in our appreciation of the situation.

St. Catherines' College, Cambridge. T. R. HENN

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METHUEN 12s. 6d.

TRADE UNION OFFICIALS

SIR,—I observe that in your issue of November 7 the Post Office Engineering Union were advertising the post of temporary Research Assistant with education of University standard at an annual salary of £520. Presumably the Assistant will be posted in London, and no doubt the salary includes "London Weighting."

My first reaction was: "They've got a nerve." Unfortunately, there are many trade unions who pay meagre salaries and can therefore be classed as "bad employers." They want qualified Officers, but are not prepared to pay decent salaries. They take advantage of the interest and enthusiasm of their employees and expect them to regard their posts as partially a labour of love. When elected to their Executive, or to a public authority or a Co-operative Society Board, many trade unionists become employers, and their trade union principles are forgotten.

As one of the large body of full-time trade union Officers, may I say that most of us are underpaid? We have no defined hours. We are constantly racing against time to keep up with our work. We do a day's work in an office, round the negotiating table or in organising non-unionists. On most evenings we attend branch meetings and very often have to travel long distances to them. We frequently have meetings and other engagements at the week-ends, and our domestic happiness is not infrequently strained because of our lack of leisure.

Some of us have Staff organisations. I do not underestimate their usefulness; but they are mainly at the mercy of union Executives. Executives quite often consist of members who are among the lower paid and they sometimes adopt the attitude that, if their organising staff are receiving two or three pounds a week more than they themselves, the staff are well paid. The Staff organisations are not registered as trade unions, so they cannot go to the Industrial Disputes Tribunal. What is required is a trade union for trade union Officers. Trade union Officers have as much right to have their conditions of employment protected as anyone else.

At the root of the matter is the fact that the British trade unionist pays a rather low contribution. The result is that the majority of unions are understaffed. Full-time Officers have too many responsibilities. They have to look after far too large a membership, and many of us have neither the facilities nor time to do our jobs the way they should be done. In the main, American and Continental trade unionists pay a much bigger weekly or monthly contribution. They consequently have offices which are a credit, instead of a disgrace, to their unions. They have much more adequate staff than is the case in this country. They have the latest types of modern office appliances; and while their organisations may not have such deep-rooted traditions as ours they do their job much more competently.

Few trade union contributions have kept pace with the rise in prices, and about the biggest increase which ever takes place is a penny a week. It is high time the average trade unionist understood that it would pay him handsomely if his contribution were to be doubled. It would result in very much improved organisation. His union would be adequately staffed. The reserve funds would be stronger, and the increase in contributions would be repaid in a relatively short time by improved wages and conditions of employment. He might then be in a position to apply the fair wages clause to the long suffering officers which he employs.

DIVISIONAL OFFICER

BRETTON WOODS AND BRITAIN

SIR,—Mr. Norman MacKenzie's terse report on the career of Harry Dexter White amply confirms the fears of those who regarded the conditions attached to the grant of the U.S. loan to Britain, including the acceptance of Bretton Woods, convertibility, non-discrimination and all, as prejudicial to this country and to the stability and prosperity of the Western world in general. There can be no doubt that White's other two schemes which miscarried—the loan to Russia and the smashing of Germany—would have directly benefited the Soviet Union. The rules laid down at Bretton Woods—which were throughout the conference unreservedly supported by the Soviet delegation—would have made a defence against U.S. depression or the development of poorer areas all but impossible. The fiercest advocates in the U.S. of the convertibility of sterling and of the 1949 devaluation, one after another, are now being denounced as fellow-travellers or worse. Has the time not come in this country to revise judgment and policy?

In deploring the witch-hunt we, who as Left-wing Socialists have in 1944-46 fiercely opposed the "liberal" schemes of reconstruction, should beware of accepting those ideas just because their authors have now become the victims of intolerance.

Balliol College, Oxford. T. BALOGH

"THE BIG LIE"

SIR,—Surely your comments on the Soviet Note and Mr. Molotov's "explanation" are a little disingenuous; and your charge against Mr. Eden of misrepresentation a little unfair? To agree to a conference only on condition that the other side first takes certain action is surely to lay down preconditions. Yet you yourself point out that the Americans would have to cease recognising Chiang Kai-shek's regime as the Government of China, break their alliance with Syngman Rhee and abandon or postpone the rearmament of Western Germany, or at any rate agree to talk about these matters, before the Russians would be willing to confer. Have the Western Powers asked

Russia to take any definite action such as breaking an alliance or altering a policy; or to agree to the discussion of such matters as a precondition to holding a conference? Is not the side which, before agreeing to confer, asks that action already taken, or policies already adopted be revised, or reconsidered, the side that lays down preconditions?

5 Smith Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.3. H. R. PELLY

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—Whatever Sir George Thomson or others may say, the attempt to prove that the conclusions of the International Commission for investigating Bacteriological Warfare were based on the statements of the captured American airmen is bound to fail, for it is entirely contrary to the truth. On July 26, 1952, ten days before meeting the airmen, the members of the Commission unanimously adopted an interim statement of their conclusions—in case they should not return from zones near those where hostilities were in progress. Each member sent one or two copies of this statement to friends in his own country; mine went to the Rev. J. Putterill of Thaxted in Essex and is still in his possession. The wording of the statement was closely similar to that of the conclusions of the Report itself. I repeat, therefore, that the opinions of the Commission were based primarily upon objective evidence.

While thus exposing the attempt to place all weight on the statements of individual Servicemen, made either when prisoners of war, or after "liberation" to their home country, it may be worth while describing in a word or two their behaviour as the members of the Commission saw it. The airmen appeared to us to be in good health and in a perfectly normal state of mind, they partook calmly of the refreshments provided by the Chinese, and smoked at their ease. They talked at length and answered any questions reasonably (cf Report, pp. 593 ff.). During their concluding remarks they appeared to be greatly moved, and this emotion appeared to be shared by the different Chinese officer who accompanied each one. If this was all mere histrionics then the acting was superb. If the acting was superb then, why should it not be equally gifted now? Let Sir George Thomson deride the very great tradition of Chinese humanism as he will; the people of this country have seen enough of "gangster films" and "comics" to know by now what North American culture regards as normal. An acute consciousness of the mote in the eye of our neighbour, and a corresponding unawareness of the beam in our own, seems to be characteristic of the West at the present time.

As one acquainted neither with the biological nor the pathological sciences, nor with the life of an East Asian country whether before or after the revolutions of our times, nor with the language of either of the two countries most concerned, Sir George Thomson's assertions on the scientific and social aspects of the matter have remarkably little force. It is interesting that he concedes the honesty and integrity of the Chinese scientists. That of the Commission would follow, though he has not the generosity to say so. We are implicity asked, therefore, to believe that someone "planted" all the phenomena observed by literally hundreds of people, and checked by many scores of scientific workers, some of much distinction. In my considered opinion the Chinese lack sufficient scientific man-power for the organisation of such a large-scale artifact. And neither they nor the Russians would have shown much intelligence in subjecting their own people to experiments with living infected insect vectors about the performance of which, when deliberately distributed, almost nothing is known, as Sir George Thomson could readily have ascertained from any epidemiological research laboratory.

Cambridge. JOSEPH NEEDHAM

"THE FINAL SOLUTION"

SIR,—May I, the author of this book, intervene briefly in the argument it has provoked in your columns in order to express my entire disagreement with "both your houses." Mr. Colin Clark seems to think that the Germans tried to exterminate the Jews out of "idealism, even if insane idealism," and that this idealism was in some way superior to the matter-of-fact motives of the atom-bomb men who wanted to end a war quickly. So far from disagreeing with this, Mr. Crossman accepts it as an improvement of his own "analysis of Nazi mentality" though he prefers the word "principle" to "idealism." In fact his only disagreement with Mr. Clark is in failing to find any defence for the atom-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki at all.

Frankly I do not think there was sufficient idealism and principle in the German extermination of the Jews to cover a threepenny bit. If there had been, the murderers would have proclaimed it at their trials. Yet Otto Ohlendorf was the only one of them to do so. The planners of extermination were impelled partly by spite, partly by greed for plunder. Their collaborators were impelled partly by ambition, partly by craven fear. Mr. Crossman's earlier indignation against the "remote-control murderers" seemed to me to accord very well with the squalid facts of my book. Why then does he offer them a defence which they were not men enough to proclaim for themselves? It may be that the facts of history should be contemplated from every angle, but is it necessary to stand on one's head, hoping to see four sides of a cube at the same time?

GERALD REITLINGER

BRITISH GUIANA

SIR,—A number of men and women in Great Britain who are neither Communists nor supporters of any Peoples Progressive Party leader have formed the British Guiana Association for these general purposes:—

(1) To press for the immediate restoration of the Constitution. (2) The release or early trial of the leaders of P.P.P. now in detention. (3) To press for schemes of economic development without which the present shockingly low wages, appalling housing conditions and general standard of poverty now existing in British Guiana will continue. (4) To resist the introduction of the colour bar. (5) And above all, to work for friendship and understanding between the peoples of British Guiana and Gt. Britain.

Because there is a danger that an iron curtain will fall between the two peoples, and distortion and exaggeration take the place of truth, it is vital that we at home should be kept accurately and currently informed about events in the Colony.

To that end the B.G.A. will organise meetings, publish pamphlets and arrange the distribution to the press of the facts as they emerge.

To do these things properly the B.G.A., which is free of any political associations both here and in British Guiana, needs money. Donations from your readers will be gratefully received by Lt.-Col. Andrew Murray, Hon. Treasurer, B.G.A., 173A Fulham Road, Chelsea, S.W.3.

House of Commons, S.W.1. LESLIE PLUMMER

DYLAN THOMAS

SIR,—Just for the sake of the record, may I correct Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's proffered answer to Miss Kathleen Raine's recent reference to the unidentified "editor of more than usual discrimination" who first published the poems of Dylan Thomas.

I happened to be the editor of the *Sunday Referee* at the time, and it was I who initiated the feature called "Poets Corner" wherein we published the work of unestablished but aspiring poets. I engaged Victor Neuberg to conduct the feature, sort out the entries and provide a critical commentary on the contributions, all of which he did superbly. But the final choice of the prize-winners was my prerogative, and it was my pleasure to select Dylan Thomas for an award. Incidentally, it was also my pleasure to select Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson herself for an award!

I defrayed the costs of the subsequent publication in volume form of Thomas's *Eighteen Poems*, and Miss Johnson's *Symphony for Full Orchestra*, and (as an editor who later became a publisher) I have always liked to think of these "firsts" as being also my "firsts" in the field of publishing.

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JOHN MURRAY

Christmas Books—I

THE ROAD FROM BANGALORE

"I FELT as if I were walking with destiny," wrote Winston Churchill of his emotions on the tenth of May, 1940, when he became Prime Minister, "and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial." The words are powerful and natural. No English statesman, not even Disraeli, has been more conscious of life as a perilous journey or of the ceaseless beating of invisible wings overhead. "The mysterious rhythm of our destinies" provides us with "a natural order in which we move." Our journeys lead us to destinations which we cannot always see, but which we can never escape.

The road to Downing Street started at Blenheim Palace, but it did not lead direct: it often twisted narrowly through election thickets and petered out in political swamps. Only the sense that it was a national highway, not a private track, made the journey into a pilgrimage. Like Moses, the one Biblical character whom Churchill singled out as an essay subject, he needed to wander in the wilderness before he could reach the Promised Land.

At Bangalore in the winter of 1896 Churchill began a second journey along a road which was to lead not to Downing Street but to Stockholm. The recent offer of the Nobel Prize for Literature was the eventual reward. As a writer Churchill has relied on the co-operation of Providence as much as he has done as a statesman. He began by chronicling colonial romances and ended by describing the central struggles of the twentieth-century world. *The Story of the Malakand Field Force* plays the same part in his career as a writer as the first election at Oldham played in his career as a statesman. Both would now be forgotten had he been killed by a bullet in Natal or overawed by his early experiences in Parliament.

Bangalore was his university. Turning from polo to philosophy, he devoured Malthus, Darwin and Schopenhauer. Soon he began to realise how little he had learnt at Harrow and at Sandhurst. Ethics he had previously considered merely as "the public-school spirit", nor was there anything about it in Queen's Regulations. History he had thought a subject of no importance, a return to squabbles which were long since dead. Now he began to read Gibbon and Macaulay, to voyage ahead "with a full sail in a strong wind." It was a new journey, but not a very different one from his journey to Downing Street. The same star, Orion, shone brightly over both: the Nobel Literature Prize was to be offered not to a journalist nor a historian, but to the author who won the war.

There is an underlying unity in all Churchill's writing, a far more obvious unity than there is in his political career. His first large book, *The River War*, published in 1899, is a *History of the Second World War* writ small. Nearly a thousand pages are needed to describe the reconquest of the Sudan: even miniature Lindemanns and Deakins flit in the background as expert advisers. The theme is "the long road from initial tragedy to final triumph."

> The extremes of fortune are displayed . . . occasions of shameful cowardice and reckless heroism; of plans conceived in haste and emergency; of schemes laid with slow deliberation; of wild extravagance and cruel waste.

Gladstone is the Baldwin in the background, and his only defence for inaction is that his Ministry "were the representatives of the nation in an hour when its spirits were tame and its fortunes low." In the foreground are the purposeful leaders, the loyal followers, and "that persevering British people who—often affronted, often checked, often delayed—usually get their way in the end."

The *History of the Second World War* provides Churchill with themes big enough to satisfy his imagination: the locusts are devouring Westminster, not Khartoum. Hitler is a more terrible Mahdi, a "demon-genius sprung from the abyss of poverty" for whom there can be no lingering sympathy. The weapons of war are aeroplanes and tanks, not swords and lances or Mauser automatic pistols. Science means Radar and not the lonely telegraph wire in the desert. But the plot is the same.

So it is also in the writings of the middle period, when literature and politics were inextricably woven together. The *World Crisis* is an *apologia pro vita sua* or, as Balfour happily described it, "Winston's brilliant Autobiography disguised as a history of the universe." "To find and follow the stepping-stones of Fate" from 1914 to 1918 meant re-examining at every point the political adventures of Winston Churchill. The drama had many villains, but there was only one hero.

Marlborough began as a magnificent escape from the frustrations of the inter-war world. Churchill's ancestor becomes Churchill himself, the great leader "capable of enduring endless vexations and outfacing extreme hazards," seeking not only glory but national appreciation. Louis XIV is a worthy villain, colourful on the surface but "petty and mediocre in all except his lust for power." The story, like that of the River War, is "a tale of blood and fighting"; but Churchill's own political experiences and ambitions resound through every chapter. Naval and military experts and university scholars are called in to supply the sheaves of facts: the impressions, the judgments, the unity of the massive volumes are unmistakably Churchill's own. And the eighteenth century touches the twentieth at every point, as if no intervening century had crept between. No professional historian could have written *Marlborough*, and long before the last page was dictated the struggle for Europe in Marlborough's time had become identified with the struggle of the 1930s. "Our national salvation depends upon our gathering once again all the forces of Europe to contain, to restrain, and if necessary to frustrate German domination." The Balance of Power, which he was writing about in his study, was the same Balance of Power which he was describing to the Conservative Party in the House of Commons. A tunnel of escape had become an avenue for action.

"It is better to be making the news than taking it," he had written in the life of his father, "to be an actor rather than to be a critic." But Churchill was never satisfied unless he could write about power as well as wield it. If the natural sequel to *Marlborough* was the Coalition Ministry of 1940-45, the inevitable consequence of the Ministry was the *History of the Second World War*. The victory of the Labour Party in 1945 permitted him that margin of leisure to produce his greatest masterpiece. "The mysterious rhythm of our destinies" thrust forward Clement Attlee: the submerged masses, not the men of good will, were the instruments of Fortune.

Such dramatic reverses always filled Churchill with surprise. Understanding destiny proved far more complicated than following it. "Almost the chief mystery of life," he had written in one of his essays, "is what makes one do things." Destiny was a helpful but not a self-sufficient explanation. Why did he feel the urge to write so strongly? Not merely to make money, an important motive in his early exercises in journalism, nor to find solace for political disappointment. The themes were provided by History: pure enjoyment, an over-spilling energy, and a delight in words, phrases and paragraphs carried him along with "a full sail in a strong wind."

The delight in words and sentence-construction he already knew at Harrow: Bangalore gave him books, and his experiences in the Army provided him with a context of romance. "Rainless storms danced tirelessly over the hot, crisp surface of the ground," he writes in the *River War*. "The fine sand, driven by the wind, gathers into deep drifts and silts among the dark rocks of the hills, exactly as snow hangs about an Alpine summit; only it is a fairy snow, such as might fall in hell." This is Churchill, not Gibbon or Macaulay. The unusual word begins to dominate the sentence. The Nile is "a thread of blue silk drawn across an enormous brown drugget." Catalogues of rich names—"the ostrich feathers of Kardofan," "grain from Sennar" and "gum from Darfur"—demand recitation, not reading. Churchill built for himself a "crystal sphere": "one felt like a goldfish in a bowl," he said, "but in this case the goldfish made his own bowl."

The natural style has never changed, although politics have charged it with clichés and sometimes converted it into empty rhetoric. The

crystal sparkles most in the hot sunlight whether it be the sunlight of Bangalore or Marrakesh. No writer is more sensitive to the influence of the weather. It is the great advantage of the Latins over the Anglo-Saxons, he once wrote, that "they dwell in superior climates." The English sun is as fickle as the electorate; and if the international situation becomes tense and ominous the metaphors point to a "darkening scene" or a "Munich Winter." Lenin's "implacable vengeance" rises from "frozen pity," and his sympathies are "cold and wide as the Arctic Ocean."

The greyness of large patches of the world and of significant periods of history is the most difficult whim of Destiny to fathom. Churchill peoples such mysterious regions only with puppets — sedate governments; vacillating leaders; weak, well-meaning assemblies; and sturdy wage-earners. When he enters "the region of mass effects" he ceases to interest himself in history. His images fail him, and he passes his problems over to the writers of monographs and the compilers of footnotes.

Intimate knowledge of Courts and Cabinets has given him an insight into the high politics of every age, but politics themselves are only interesting when there are battles to be won. His criticism of J. A. Spender's *Asquith* was that it depicted a natural fighter as "a kind of Saint Sebastian standing unresisting with a beatific smile, pierced by the arrows of his persecutors." History is made less by the Saint Sebastians than by the archers. Even the Sweden to which he paid tribute on receiving the Nobel Prize was a land of "warrior kings."

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Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio. By ROGER HINKS. *Faber.* 50s.

Caravaggio—His Incongruity and his Fame. By BERNARD BERENSON. *Chapman & Hall.* 18s.

When a new fashion springs up for an old idea that has got forgotten, everyone who temperamentally dislikes it passes it off, explains it away satisfactorily to himself, so as not to have his own settled ideas shaken up. Meanwhile the interest in it spreads. A pebble is cast into the pool and the circles widen. It begins to insinuate itself into contemporary life, so persistently that even those indifferent or hostile to it begin to be disturbed by it, without realising it. This is happening with Caravaggio. In the last three years he has suddenly become important to us, after having been neglected for close on three centuries. (As a matter of fact, the revival of interest in him dates from about 1905, but the fashion for him only began with the decline of abstract art.) He may be a fashion but he cannot be passed off as "mere" fashion. Not all the people who have caught the disease can have been taken in. He represents something we urgently require. We are not quite sure what it is yet. All we know is that this wild animal out of the past cries out to us in his distress across the centuries. We strain our ears to catch the message he shouts. He, and Courbet I daresay, are to us what Piero was to our grandfathers, the ideal towards which we all strive. The only difference is that our grandfathers found a contemporary parallel in Cézanne, whereas we have no representative modern figure in painting to set beside Caravaggio.

He must have been a very strange man indeed. He only lived thirty-seven years (1573 to 1610), a little longer than Marlowe, but he managed to cram into his short life more than most men of genius who die in old age. It is best to think of him as having survived into old age himself, passing through every experience, not at the normal pace, but at the double. This view of him may help to explain the "incongruities" which Mr. Berenson finds in his work. When we get to know him well we realise it is impossible to pin Caravaggio down, to say "he is this," "he is that," because he is more or less everything at one time or another as he tears through his life. He is mannerist and realist, melancholy and impetuous. At one moment he is concerned with what he sees, at the next with the state of his own mind, as a mood of self-mistrust follows on a mood of confidence.

In his youth, as Mr. Hinks points out, he uses darkness to make statements rather than suggestions; in "old age" he wraps figures in shadow to give them the air of mystery. Curiously enough in an artist who has a reputation for being the first realist, who is supposed to have chosen as a model for his Virgin Mary the bloated corpse of a prostitute fished out of the Tiber, who made a bottom the most prominent feature of his *Crucifixion of St. Peter*, the space within which his figures operate can seldom be logically defined. No one would think of associating his first works with his last. We can find no common denominator between them, any more than we can between that arrogant boy strutting through the back streets of Rome in the early 1590s, and that destitute vagabond of twenty years later, dying of fever beneath a July sun.

Perhaps at first we are drawn to Caravaggio as we are drawn to a displaced person, a criminal, a fugitive; perhaps in the same way we arrive at *The Jew of Malta* by way of a tavern brawl; it is not so easy to feel immediate kinship with a public artist like Rubens who proceeds step by step from one lucrative commission to the next. But I do not think that Mr. Berenson's theory (page 90) that the craze for Caravaggio is due to his romantic temperament, has really been borne out by the articles and books that have appeared about him since the great exhibition at Milan in 1951. We have heard next to nothing about "bandits" and "homicide." On the contrary, recent literature has played down his escapades, in order to concentrate on his work. As a man's genius is turned to the light, so the picturesque episodes of his private life lose their glamour. The pictures have proved sufficiently eloquent. They are the source of unending fascination. And again we are up against the question "why"? We are still too much in the thick of things for a satisfactory answer to be given, but there can be no harm in taking our shot. A stray bullet may hit its mark. It is because, like Courbet, he swept away all the nonsense and pomposity which had been contracting art into a stagnant pool; because he pumped fresh life into art by using as material not only the art of others, but his own raw experiences of love, hate, passion, violence; because he set no store by the rules laid down for picture making, but worked direct from nature, relying on the authenticity of his vision; because he took men, ordinary men, as he found them and allotted them the testing roles of "humanity in anguish."

Mr. Hinks's book is not only the first full-length study of Caravaggio in English—it is also the best in any language. Two books that have come recently out of Italy are written by the heroic pioneers of Caravaggio studies: they suffer in their different ways from an ineradicable core of outmoded, pre-exhibition theories. Mr. Hinks has the advantage over them of coming to Caravaggio with a more open mind. If there are bees in his bonnet as there are in everyone's, he has kept them from buzzing. He is willing to tell us the facts without too many embellishments. The facts are exceedingly intricate, but he manages to thread his way through them without over-simplifying them—and by the facts, I mean not only the few events that are known to have occurred, but the fabricated legend as well; for Mr. Hinks realises that the biography of an artist consists in the lies told about him after his death as well as in the truth. He has sifted all the evidence up to the time of publication, and whatever has appeared since his publishers clamped down on him (needless to say, it has been appearing in a steady stream, has tended to confirm his view. From all this I do not wish to imply that the book is a mere record of events. Mr. Hinks does not hesitate to speculate; but we are never left in doubt as to what is reasonable certainty and what speculation. It is a book of imagination and humour, resting on scholarship.

Mr. Berenson's book does not pretend to be more than jottings about Caravaggio, and must be taken in the light-hearted spirit in which it was written. It would be missing the point to take it too seriously. I am sure Mr. Hinks is correct in saying in his biographical note that it will be read (he is referring to an Italian translation which appeared earlier) by a "mature student" "with amusement and profit": with amusement, because Mr. Berenson raps people like Mr. Hinks severely over the knuckles; and with profit, because opinions on so new a subject as Caravaggio expressed by the greatest living authority on earlier periods of Italian art, cannot help being of considerable historical interest.

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like also the heroic gesture and the daring deed, melancholy nostalgia, mortality, mirth, extraordinary happenings, magic, mystery, melodrama and myth: in short, they like Romance. They like to weep, to laugh, to tingle with excitement, admiration or fear, to be haunted, stirred, entertained and enrapt. They do not mind not fully understanding; much of the Browning and Shelley that gave me intense satisfaction between nine and twelve was above my intellectual grasp, but my pleasure in it was ecstatic. Miss Adam Smith, in this most admirable anthology, has not included all I could wish of either of these poets; she has, I am glad to note, the Pied Piper and the Hymn of Pan, two delicious essentials, but not the Ode to Night, the Cloud, the Skylark, the Ride from Ghent to Aix, Adonais, or the nostalgic "O world, O life, O time on whose last steps I climb . . ." which one likes to chant to oneself on the eve of going into two figures.

But I have no intention of complaining of what is not here; it would, indeed, be absurd, since this is a one-volume octavo, not a ten-volume folio. Nearly all that is here is good in itself and good for its intended readers, and good also for adults, who share with children so much poetic ground. I still enjoy most of the poetry I enjoyed between eight and fourteen, though with the more moderate rapture suitable to one whom the heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed (the West Wind, by the way, is not here). It is easy to believe that there is nothing in this volume that has not been liked by children of one age or another, in one mood or another. Anthologies should supply food for different moods, and particularly anthologies for children, who do not so well know where to look for the poetry they need at the moment. This anthology, unlike the Blue Poetry Book and the others which my generation had, has the great merit of being grouped in subjects; it is like a map of different countries, coloured and named so that one can find one's way about it. More, Miss Adam Smith has, within each theme, been at pains to indicate its rich variety by poems giving different, sometimes contrary, aspects of it, so that the one-track approach is multiplied, like some forest road, into many divergent ways.

This purpose gives a reason for the choices beyond their individual merits, and sometimes an answer to the reader's inevitable question, why this, not that? This grouping, and this balance within each group, has great value. Turning to "Magic," for instance, you will find that it can be white or black, or iridescently lovely; "Fairies, Nymphs and Gods" are fearful or kind, eerie or gay; and how delightful to find among these flighty beings "Up the airy mountain," the first poem I remember; it haunted the infant mind with enchanted terror, an essential element in literature for all ages. There is plenty of eerieness here; now and then befogged into incomprehensibility by lines too Scotch to be understood this side of the border, as in The Strange Visitor, some of which may be, for all the southron knows, merely gibberish to curdle the blood. Speaking as an alien in this territory, I feel that what Burns called "plain braid Lallans" is more braid than plain. Fortunately, however, most of the ballads here are in plain English or the mildest of Scotch, and the Revenge, the Ancient Mariner, the Golden Vanity, Agincourt, the Armada, and many more, need no glossary. The groups inevitably overlap—the Sea, Voyages and Travel, Nine Tales, Beasts and Birds, Battle, Dirges, Children, Seasons and Weather, Witches and Charms, all have poems which could go as well into one section as another. It will be seen that here is a great range of verse. The beautiful sea section (the whole Ancient Mariner, the enchanted Forsaken Merman, a lovely de la Mare, a dirge-like James Joyce) should, to please me at the relevant age, have also the Lotos Eaters, and some more mermaidry—Gerard Hopkins? W. J. Turner? George Darley?—and a dash of Swinburne, so pre-eminently a child's poet; his magnificent swing, to adults obvious and shadowless, is to the child an intoxicant, and poetry should intoxicate while it can. Or have children today outgrown the intoxication of rhythm? If so, what a loss! But there is plenty of melody in this book. I am glad of that exquisite, uncharacteristic Kipling, with its eerie undertones, "The way through the woods"—the best poem he wrote, and full of the haunting tenebrous quality that children like. They are, in their varying degrees, Tom O'Bedlams, wandering in the wilderness "with a heart of furious fancies" that rove about earth and space and lunar landscapes, adventure and nonsense.

Miss Adam Smith, being a highbrow with a sense of the uncanny, the beautiful and the adventurous, does not underrate children; she has arranged for them an explory of familiar poetry, poetry dug out from odd corners that they will not know, serious poetry, light verse, great and beautiful poetry of all times, funny poetry, poetry to extend the frontiers of imagination, to intellectualise and deepen sensibility. Here are Shakespeare (lyrics, not the great passages from the plays; one would like liked "the cloud-capped towers," and "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow"); Milton (delightfully selected), Keats, Blake, Belloc, Housman, Yeats, de la Mare and Eliot; Lear, Gilbert and Lewis Carroll; nursery rhymes (an erroneous version, surely, of "Sunday's Child"); poets of today and of past centuries. How right to include Man's Mortality, that exquisite seventeenth-century musing on life's transience; less known than the Cymbeline dirge, which is here too.

Suggestions for another edition: dates might be appended to the poems instead of at the end. The liberally represented Anon, though seldom precisely datable, might be given a probable century. The notes might be increased. But what is most wanted is a second volume, to appease clamourers for omitted favourites. Meanwhile, this many-coloured nosegay is a fine rich bloom. Picking it must have been fun.

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Persian Adventure. By ANNE SINCLAIR MEHDEVI. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

May the saints and the Prophet forgive you if, on reading this book, you decide that your nearest available yardstick for measuring the Persians is Holy Ireland. Here are two peoples, both of whom love palaver and dote on uproar; hold one opinion in private and voice another in public, and possess minds that labour overtime while bodies sit still except, occasionally, to stretch for the national glass—in the one case of tea, and in the other of whisky. Of course the parallel, while worth recording, does not go all the way. It falters over important features such as cooking and language and breaks down utterly on the still more important one of capacity for taking action. An Irishman, when the shouting and keening have died, quietly does what he had all along calculated would be to his best advantage. A Persian does quite otherwise:

> In Iran any action is precipitate if it hasn't been bandied about for a month or two. This is not entirely due to national laziness, but comes from the morganatic marriage of wariness with imagination—a union whose issue has little chance of succeeding . . . A Persian wears himself out thinking up ways to keep his back warm, as he puts it; ways to belittle an enemy, to grab more than his share of something, to fend off a creditor or to avoid fulfilling a commitment. But when he himself must take a step ahead, this same imagination that has done yeoman service in helping him thwart others goes into high gear and turns against him. . . . In the end he is immobilised; he feels safer doing nothing at all. Almost everyone in Iran shrinks from taking a step on his own, and the wheel of life is left to spin on in neutral.

This single quotation from a spirited and too-short book is enough to prove several points about Mrs. Mehdevi. She is a most unusual daughter of Wichita, Kansas, for she can jettison the standards of the push-button and the motel in order to give her in-laws their due; she writes vigorously and well (she has made the grade in *The New Yorker*); lastly, she has both aplomb and dignity for she can say such things and yet leave an impression of sympathy with a liking for a touchy people. She abandoned a comfortable life as a New York career girl in order to make herself "emotionally indispensable" to a misogynistic Persian in a down-town basement. In spite of head-shakings in Wichita, she married him and bore him three children. After seven years, she set out with him on the apparently indefinite visit to his family that is the subject of this book.

Persia is an enormous country and she saw only a fraction of it—Teheran, from inside a rich and therefore, for women, boring household; the Caspian, but only in its winter garb of mud and dripping eaves; Meshed, where she sensed that she was closer than in Teheran to the astringency of a desert country and to the greatness of its faith and past history. What she describes, therefore, is not a land but a people, and only that small portion of it that owns diamond rings, mismates modern furniture with ancient carpets, and has discarded the dignified and beautiful dress of Asia for western sweaters and pin-striped suits.

But in this milieu she is so eager to do her bit, and so patently a contributor to the success of her unusual marriage that she earns not only liking but respect. Persians who take umbrage at her criticism (as they are bound to do, since, again like the Irish, they are highly self-critical but, from the lips of others, are annoyed at everything short of unqualified praise) should remember that she reserves her most candid comment for herself. She makes no secret, for instance, of the "alarming loss of footing" which she suffers when her Mohammed sloughs off his American veneer the moment he re-enters the family circle; or of her moment of panic when she agrees to a Moslem repetition of her seven-year-old wedding and when,

> Illogically, the fact that the die was cast, that we had been married for seven years and already had three children, paled in significance beside the

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purely token step of going through a Moslem ceremony.

But she went through it, and her whole attitude to it suggests that she has made more of a success of a contract with a Persian than have many Westerners—statesmen and oilmen included—who credit themselves with a good knowledge of Asia and of diplomacy.

ELIZABETH MONROE

A ROUND BALL AND A SQUARE GOAL

The History of the Football Association. By GEOFFREY GREEN. *Naldrett Press.* 50s.

Ninety years ago, when the representatives of eleven clubs met at the Freemason's Tavern in Great Queen Street, the Football Association came into being. From this simple beginning it has developed into an organisation scarcely less complex in administration and scope than the House of Commons; no less closely related to changing social conditions and with as far-reaching international affiliations. The present volume, written for the F.A. by *The Times* Association Football correspondent, Mr. Geoffrey Green, traces this expansion with the detail one would expect in a book nearly 700 pages long and 4 lb. in weight. It deals with definitions of terms and drafting of laws; the origins of the F.A. Cup and the struggle for legalised professionalism; the involved relations between clubs and players, clubs and the Football League; with international committees, youth tournaments (the F.A.'s work in industrial areas has been the particular concern of an enlightened secretary, Sir Stanley Rous), and such things as Sunday football, floodlighting, betting, wages, even women's matches. Three attempts, in 1902, 1921, and 1946, were made by various individuals to launch the latter, and each time the F.A. Council expressed their strong opinion "that the game of football is quite unsuitable for females and ought not to be encouraged."

Finally, this imposing *History* (which will henceforth be for soccer what Wisden's has been for over a century to cricket) contains complete lists of international results, teams, Cup winners, League champions, amateur internationals and so on. Also ninety-odd, absorbing photographs, including reproductions of presentations made to the F.A.: an exquisite classical bronze head on yellow marble given by France; a statuette of Perseus and Medusa, replica of the one in Florence, from Italy; a marble and wood model of the cross at Troitsa, from Roumania; a mask of Beethoven, given by Austria; a bronze Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, by Spain.

It might seem that such a lengthy account of what are mostly the memoranda and minutes of sub-committee meetings would, all the same, be extremely tedious. Yet, for anyone reasonably interested in the game, it is not; the whole thing has been done with such care, style and narrative skill that a clear and fascinating outline emerges. "The appeal of history," the introduction states,

> is imaginative. . . . Carlyle called the antiquarian or researcher "Dryasdust." Dryasdust at heart is a poet. The main impulse of his life is to feel the reality of life in the past, to be familiar with "the Chronicle of wasted time" for the sake of "ladies dead and lovely knights."

It is in this spirit that the book has been written. And now that Association Football is at last developing its own literature, producing an adult critical style, even (stimulated by the F.A.) an art, it is nice to look back to what was probably its first literary expression. With great ingenuity Mr. Green has fished up a poem by Li Yu (A.D. 50-130), who composed eulogies to hang on the goal posts:

> A round ball and a square goal
> Suggest the shape of the Yin and the Yang.
> The ball is like the full moon,
> And the two teams stand opposed;
> Captains are appointed and take their places.
> In the game make no allowance for relationship
> And let there be no partiality.
> Determination and coolness are essential
> And there must not be the slightest irritation for failure.
> Such is this game. Let its principles apply to life.
>
> Who could possibly say handsomer than that?

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Bird-watching is nowadays a sport for the masses, and there are mass-produced bird-books to cater for the ever-growing demand. But in the eighteenth century, ornithology was an elegant pastime for a few rich patrons, and the volumes on birds were heavy folios, finely printed on thick paper, with stately frontispieces and rich binding, but usually spoiled by their illustrations, which were crude in both drawing and colouring. These works, from what Sacheverell Sitwell has called the "primitive period," have curiosity and charm, and some of them fetch high prices, yet they but dimly foreshadow the riches that were soon to come.

These riches were produced particularly by two men, Audubon the French-American and Gould the Englishman. Audubon broke away from the formal presentation of obviously stuffed specimens and, in his huge "double-elephant folio" aquatints, he showed the birds life-size in vivid attitudes against a naturalistic background. He conveys the excitement of the wilderness, particularly of the swamps and waterbirds of the southern states, but it is wrong to call his pictures natural. Surely no flamingo ever assumed the fantastic attitude in which he showed it; but his distortion here, and in many other pictures, is effective and striking. Again, his four species of auks sail on ice-floes past icy mountains in an Arctic that never existed, but the arrangement, though false to nature, is highly decorative, as it is in many of his pictures of song-birds in association with flowers.

The hand-coloured engravings by John Gould are, in comparison, more formal, but what they lose in vitality they gain in accuracy, delicacy, and richness of colour. They reveal the wonderful beauty of feather patterns, and Gould was particularly successful with the metallic brilliance of humming-birds, trogons and other tropical forms. But while he often drew from skins the birds that he had not seen alive, he did travel to Australia to study in nature the birds of that continent, and *The Birds of Australia* is one of his greatest works. It must also be remembered that, while Gould himself was a skilled craftsman, many of the books that bear his name were illustrated by others, including H. C. Richter, Edward Lear and Joseph Wolf. Indeed, some would regard the last-named as the greatest bird illustrator, particularly in his birds of prey, which combine accuracy with power. One must, I think, qualify this statement by "of the western world," because the bird paintings from India and China surpass anything that the West has yet produced, and only these, perhaps, come in the category of great art.

The patrons of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were few, and the great bird-books had limited editions. Copies that were once pored over with delight in wealthy homes are now either unopened in reference libraries or cut up for trays and lamp-shades by the dealers. So this sumptuous production is timely; though where one is to put a large folio volume in the modern house is a problem I have not yet solved. There are thirty-eight full-size reproductions, sixteen of them in colour, and beautiful colour. Particularly lovely are the Roseate Cockatoos from Gould's *Birds of Australia*, but many others are almost as good. Audubon, with four coloured and four uncoloured plates, has twice as large a representation as Gould, who comes second. This, surely, is to exaggerate Audubon's merit, perhaps with an eye to American sales. Most of the other famous illustrators are represented by one or two reproductions. In addition to the plates, there is a pleasantly rambling and evocative essay by Sacheverell Sitwell, discussing both the birds and the men who illustrated them, and including some striking word-paintings of Gould's humming-birds (which the publishers wisely decided not to reproduce in colour). There is also a comprehensive bibliography by Handasyde Buchanan and James Fisher, with a Baedeker system of starring, their awards for merit being judiciously distributed. The book is handsomely produced in every way, but with all the skill that has gone into it, one lays it down with a faint feeling of distaste. Something esoteric and commercialised seems to have intruded itself, which is absent from the original works. Perhaps, after all, they should have been left undisturbed on their shelves. They have served their turn, like the birds that were slaughtered to bring them into being. The modern bird-watcher looks forward; and living birds are so beautiful, their scientific study so absorbing, that we have outgrown this reminder of a rich man's age.

DAVID LACK

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ordinary buyer rather than the rich collector that Mr. Reade has written his handsome volume. It has been his aim to supplement such authoritative works as Margaret Jourdain's *Regency Furniture* by including porcelain and textiles, silver, plate and glass, and even the charming ephemera of the period, the parlour games, wax miniatures and trinkets. The student of the early nineteenth century will therefore find much fascinating information here, and will be able mentally to reconstruct a Jane Austen interior all the better for knowing what kind of carpet was likely to be on the floor, the pattern of the grate, the furnishing materials preferred (not by any means all stripes and stars, as the getters-up of Regency shams would have us believe), the sort of silver and china on the tea-board, the pretty paste-board games on the nursery table, even the designs of the delicate little mother-of-pearl counters heaped up among the playing-cards. Mr. Reade's own taste and his long experience at the Victoria and Albert Museum have combined to make this a book full of pleasure for the amateur of the period. It is generously illustrated with excellent photographs, and makes a handsome record of a brief period when industrialisation, though well begun, had not yet been the death of craftsmanship.

Sir Ambrose Heal's sumptuous and nobly produced volume on the London furniture-makers is a fruit of his famous collection of trade-cards. It is most lavishly illustrated with the engraved trade-cards of furniture-makers, ivory turners, gilders and upholsterers, and in studying these, too, we find much detail to enrich our vision of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. What, for instance, are the "stocking brushes" listed in John Alexander's ivory and wood turner's catalogue? Part of the equipage, perhaps, of every gentleman's dressing-table in a London of splashing wheels and miry streets? There is an informative introduction telling us about cabinet-makers' workshops during the two centuries considered, and for the rest the book is a sort of super-directory, giving dates, addresses and brief information concerning all the cabinet-makers and allied tradesmen so far identified. It is an immense book and an imposing array; yet, comparing it here and there with Mr. Reade's, it is possible to find discrepancies. Thus, Sir Ambrose lists George Bullock, the Regency furniture-maker, as of "address unrecorded," and tells us only that he is referred to in Maria Edgeworth's letters. Mr. Reade finds his address without any trouble in the Post Office Directory of 1817 (No. 4 Tenterden Street, Oxford Street), and gives us much interesting information about him. He is "one of the most important furniture designers and manufacturers of the Regency—the leader of the brass marquetry movement, the revivalist of what he considered to be a truly English and traditional feeling in design." Perhaps, though, comparisons are out of place, since Mr. Reade's book is addressed to the happy wanderer in antique shops, and Sir Ambrose's, primarily, to the student of furniture already in museums, and to the trade-card collector, whom his illustrations will reduce to despair.

MARGARET LANE

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In the Wake of Odysseus. By GÖRAN SCHILDT. *Staples.* 15*s.*

The Expanding Eye. By PETER GREEN. *Dobson.* 15*s.*

In Sara's Tents. By WALTER STARKIE. *Murray.* 25*s.*

The Latins feel nothing like the interest in us that we feel in them. The pull that the Mediterranean has for all sorts and conditions of northern men, from the scholar and humanist to the playboy and detrimental, is singularly unreciprocated. It is rare, for some reason, to see an Italian attempting to "escape from it all" by a tour of the Midlands or to "find himself" by a year's residence in a cottage at Alfriston. We may well have got something that they haven't got, but the fact remains they don't want it.

The affair then is all on one side but it continues with undiminished ardour, as revealed by the steady flow from the presses. Three books this week pay tribute to the spell-binding property of southern lands, and each is written by a different but familiar type of traveller. First, we have a man of intelligence and sensibility in the good tradition of Norman Douglas: next, a conscientious Swede, dedicated rather solemnly to European culture: and last, the Briton Abroad, in whom the heady southern air brings everything most unfortunate frothing to the top.

The author of *The Stronghold* spent a year in the White Mountains of Crete, renewing and deepening an acquaintance made with them during the war when, as a British officer, he worked in enemy country with the Cretan Resistance. "Looking at the skyline from Canea," he writes, "I felt as a housebreaker must feel when he studies for the first time by day the front of a building which he once entered by a back window at night." It was no romantic whim which brought him back, however, but a true affection for and interest in the people, and his description of them and their country is wholly delightful. Mr. Fielding has the roving inquisitive eye, the quick sympathy and the love of curious information which marks the real traveller, added to a gift for lively writing and a delicious sense of the absurd. His little portraits of individuals are most happy. I particularly enjoyed Bullet-head the retired policeman, who could be counted on for a banal opinion on any subject that chanced to come up and poured forth an endless stream of nonsense in a stern "no-nonsense" manner: having met Bullet-head over and over again in so many parts of the world, I rejoiced to think of him holding his own in Crete as well.

The author is occasionally saddened, though never appalled, by the devious ins and outs of local political intrigue, but he is quick to perceive the mitigations, arising out of an underlying humanity, that earnest and right-thinking persons have sometimes missed: invariably frank, he is invariably loving as well. There is no need to feel a special interest in Cretan life and history to find pleasure in *The Stronghold*. It is a full, rich, human book, packed with information lightly dispensed and fortified with learning easily worn: nothing so good of its kind has appeared since Patrick Leigh Fermor's *The Traveller's Tree*.

To those who like their Mediterranean pasteurised, Göran Schildt's book should be most acceptable. This Swedish author and his wife took their ketch *Daphne*—of which careful diagrams are provided—in the wake of Odysseus, as the title of the resulting volume suggests. From Lavagna near Rapallo they sailed down the west coast of Italy to the Greek isles where, as the blurb reminds us, burning Sappho loved and sung. They heartily enjoyed the journey, even asking themselves now and then if it were permissible to be so carefree: a question which marks them out for ever as alien to the Mediterranean spirit.

The book is something of a little curiosity: it is painstaking, informative, accurate and nicely written, and conveys no sense of the south at any point. Wherever that dauntless ketch might sail, a grey Swedish mist arose as if by magic, blotting out the colour and sunlight, creating a small private zone of morality and introspection. The humour, irony and light wit alleged by the publishers have presumably been ironed out in the translation, while the Nordic portentousness comes through all too successfully: at the end of it we feel we have met with a very decent fellow, but one rather limper and blonder and moister than we really can do with.

There is internal evidence that Mr. Peter Green is a schoolmaster or a don; and this is a pity, for he writes in a manner forgivable in only the greenest of undergraduates. His self-importance is wonderful: "*The Expanding Eye*," he tells us,

> traces not only my progress through Italy and Sicily, but also the integral change in my own outlook on life that resulted from it: the awareness not only of the permanent immanence of the past in the present, but also of the unifying force and significance of a land lying behind those who live in it, and shaping them to its own pattern.

Et alors? In any case, the book does nothing of the sort, as far as this contracting eye can discover. It is a collection of tourist's notes of the most obvious kind, padded out with generalisations that don't bear examining and starred with flights of fancy at the expected places. Mr. Green spares us nothing. "Anna, this is for you. Perhaps you will never read it . . .", so runs the arch preamble to a few trite pages on Florence, in which city it seems the hapless Anna was his companion; and again, puckishly, in the provision store in Capri:

> As I go out I see a huge sack full of *conchiglie*, like oats in a corn-chandler's, and I have to stifle an irresistible desire to stop and play with it. . . . I suppose I shall never really grow up.

In spite of this foreboding he gravely assures us on the final page that "these short months had worked an integral change on me, and that after so many years my vision had become miraculously whole"; and with that morsel of consolation we have to be content.

My experience of gypsies has been limited to having my fortune told by them, expensively, inconveniently and inaccurately, at race meetings in Ireland; and nothing I have seen or heard of the tribe would induce me to carry the acquaintance farther. For Dr. Walter Starkie, the very successful head of the British Institute in Madrid, they are a magic race. With *In Sara's Tents* he is off on the raggle-taggle once more, astounding us by his erudition and flattening us with his ebullience. He hums away like a merry little bee: now he's on about dancing, now about bull-fighting, now about history, myth or religion: gently he instructs a Gypsy Chief in the lore of his own people: he distributes a pat on the back

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here, voices a profound reflection there, and thickly coats the whole with Irish charm. There are a number of good photographs, including one of the author playing the fiddle, and some handsome drawings by José Porta.

HONOR TRACY

NOT WHAT WE WERE

The Man from Outer Space. By DOUGLAS V. DUFF. *Blackie.* 6s.

Speed Six! By BRUCE CARTER. *Bodley Head.* 8s. 6d.

The Stallion from the Sea. By KATHLEEN FIDLER. *Lutterworth.* 7s. 6d.

The Mystery of the Trees. By FRANCES C. WRIGHT. *Blackie.* 7s. 6d.

Disappointments abound in the Christmas books that have this year come my way. They are strangely tame: not one drop of blood need curdle. One has heard of the current seriousmindedness of undergraduates but need children too be old before their time? Rocket-to-the-moon fiction has now, it would seem, moved into the less agreeable realms of scientific fact and serious discussion. We are for ever to be denied such paragraphs as:

> With a little sign of pure content, Gloria throttled the giant turbo-dart down to a steady 25,000 m.p.h., released her boosters over Chislehurst, deftly entered up her space-log, and then, easing the zippettes on her plastic suction bootees, floated effortlessly up to the food locker for her sandwiches. Good old Mums! Her favourite meat-loaf, and a banana for afters. Casting an expert glance at the bgollium instrument-panel, she made a lightning calculation. "Two and two are four, and one is six—no, five." Goody! That meant Mars in three hours. Just nice time for tea.

There is certainly a being (The Ancient) from some miles off in *The Man from Outer Space* but he remains sadly earth-bound. He is planning world conquest from a new-fangled submarine and can assume any human shape and dress he fancies. For the illustrations, he has selected well-waisted slacks in an off-white Shetland, a roomy polo-jumper attractively gathered at the wrists, and the kind of grey wig that Clarkson's used to distribute under the label "old crone." For his voice, he has chosen a thin falsetto. The *ensemble* is extraordinarily like—but we must remember where we are.

The submarine contains some heavy-water, a German-Balt, a prime turnip, material for meat-pies, a potato-peeler, radio-radiation cookers, and heads ("the naval term for 'toilets'") operated by "a powerful blast of compressed air." Is this progress? The Ancient darts about feeling pulses ("You are in mental ferment"), displaying the "red, lambent light" in his eyes, and signing warrants for slave transfers ("Pass me a pen"). There was a time, we learn, "when Peterson thought he could beat" this colourful character. Peterson? But for the fact that we know him to have perished at a *diner de gala* on a captive dirigible years before The Ancient appeared, we might assume that Carl has been at it again.

Roger Lindley, disguised as an Inca, is aboard as cook (Meat-stew? "Me fix") in a galley which boasts a diet sheet and slices of lemon for serving with Captain Rinolski's tea. The desperado crew is widely recruited: Yshanla, Castellanos, Dupont, Schmidt, Desmoulins and Saunders. Excitement runs high when the Ancient advances the conquest of the world by six months ("That's good news, Alvarez"). Dupont turns out to be in the Yraguayan Intelligence Corps and is scientifically knowledgeable.

> "Different things are composed of atoms in varying vibrations and assemblies, so that a chair appears different from a cow, yet basically they are both the same."
>
> "Ye-e-es," Roger agreed hesitantly.

Eventually the Ancient is caught napping in the reassembled and revibrated atoms of some old cement sacks and is destroyed by gunfire. Is this just the book for a rumbustical boy in his second year of nuclear physics? Ye-e-es.

Speed Six! is the thing for those who are flinch-proof at the mere thought of a car's insides. To "the acrid tang of oil and high octane fuel" we arrive with an oldish Bentley called *Diane* for the Le Mans 24-hour race. Having adjusted our gear ratios, stripped our back axles and improved our pump system, we are ready to zoom down the track and vie with the Atlantics, Bodinis, Crawley specials and the Stuttka ("*numéro trente-quartre*" apparently). Can we win? Yes, indeed: "some eccentric streak in the build of the fine old engine" will help us. We scoot along the Hippodrome straight in pursuit of "the brilliantly-cellulosed rear of the Atlantic." The Stuttka obligingly catches fire, the Crawley defies eight mechanics at the pits, other cars embed themselves in sand, and the Atlantic "gets distinctly twisted in the centre." "It was almost as if *Diane* were a living, breathing creature." Thrilled by "the supercharger screaming like a tortured animal," the maddened Frogs are ready with floral wreaths (the kind that go round necks) and cries of "*Vive la Bentley*" in faultless French. "A feast of pleasure," states the dust-jacket. Well, a snackette anyhow.

Rush-tapers, herring pie and bacon pasty, *smarages* of peat, *carranes* of untanned sheep-skin, and twinkling lights on Cronk-y-dhool, place us in the isle of Man in 1758, with wicked Captain Hackell's smugglers at work. *The Stallion from the Sea* appears at first to be the legendary Glashtin who comes swimming into Bay-ny-Carrickey and considerably agitates a wise woman, Jenny the Spoons, who says "Beware of the Glashtin who is not a Glashtin," in the intervals of saying "May the li'l people never bewitch the churn" and "A still tongue brings no chiding." Other local notabilities are the Dooiney-oie (Man of the Night) and a mountain-top giant (The Buggane). After bonfires on Slieau Earystane on Laa Boaldyn (May Day), and a threat (understandable) to roll Jenny the Spoons in a spiked barrel down Slieuwhallian, rogue Hackell gets tipped over a cliff by the Glashtin (who is not a Glashtin at all and who makes Biddy the brood mare "nicker" like I really don't know what). Jenny the Spoons is prompt with an I-told-you-so: "Did I not tell him to beware the Glashtin that was not a Glashtin?" Personally, I'm going to play for safety and give the widest possible berth to *all* Glashtins. This is the ideal book for a Manx-loving girl with unusually mobile jaws.

The Mystery of the Trees starts promisingly at St. Martha's (green skirts, white blouses) with jolly girls called Corrie Bell and Lena Tubbs, country dancing in the juniors' common-room (if wet), hockey ("the girls are as keen as mustard"), and cries of "Stop rotting!" and "Gosh!" Miss Frost finds Joyce reading a detective story ("'So!' The word rang out like the knell of doom . . . 'A thriller! What deplorable taste!'") and things are warming nicely up, when we are suddenly whizzed away from school to solve a domestic problem affecting the head girl ("Isn't she wonderful!"). No dramatic outbursts, no furious squabbles, no rivalry.

School stories should, throughout, be girl versus girl, and no holds barred. For instance:

> Mona drew in her breath with a sharp hiss and her eyes blazed.
>
> "How dare you criticise my *gouache*?" she flared. White-faced, she rose lithely from her easel, her palette falling unheeded to the stained parquet, while the whole studio tensed into an electric silence. And then, a queer little smile on her twisted face, Thirza Longland seized up a sizable tube of gamboge and, to a general gasp of horror, smeared a generous brushful of the rich yellow pigment in the very centre of Mona's canvas. *Darlington at dusk* was ruined!
>
> "There!" challenged Thirza.

You wish to know the end of the story? Mona cleverly changes the title of her picture to *Darlington at dawn* and wins the Alfred Mannings pewter goblet at the Basingstoke exhibition, the two rivals making it up ("'Shall we . . . shake?' gulped Thirza") on the very last page.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

THE CHILD'S EYE ON THE PAST

The Fearless Treasure. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

Swords of Iron. By JOYCE REASON. *Phœnix House.* 9s. 6d.

Three Golden Nobles. By CHRISTINE PRICE. *Bodley Head.* 9s. 6d.

The Rose in Splendour. By LESLIE BARRINGER. *Phœnix House.* 9s. 6d.

The Last Fort. By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

Colt of Destiny. By ALIDA MALKUS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

Fair Wind to Adventure. By JOHN NIVEN. *Faber.* 9s. 6d.

Mission for Oliver. By DAVID SCOTT DANIELL. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

Flight from the Palace. By GEORGE SAVA. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

If these nine books can be taken as a fair sample, the general standard of historical books for children is high. Very few of these authors have been content with an adventure story in fancy dress and most have taken a great deal of care to get their details right and to make them convincing. Miss Reason has made good use of the findings of archæologists; Miss Price has studied the work which has been done on fourteenth-century painting; Mr. Barringer, unlike some academic historians, knows that Bolton Priory was not an abbey and has twice gone over the site of the Battle of Towton; and Miss Coatsworth's book draws on reading that ranges from Francis Parkman to Ruth Benedict. And while accuracy is gaining on false romanticism a social conscience is replacing nationalism in the general tone of historical books for children. Social history is the subject of Miss Streatfeild's book; *Three Golden Nobles* gives much more prom-

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inence to peasant discontent than to the Battle of Poitiers; and even Mr. Sava's young Russian prince exiled by the Revolution interests himself in corruption in Persia.

Miss Streatfeild's *The Fearless Treasure* is, however, the only book in this batch which deliberately sets out to inform and instruct as well as to interest and amuse: six children from different parts of England and coming from very different homes are assembled and taken on journeys into the past. They begin by visiting Bath, seeing it before and after the Roman occupation, and end with industrial Lancashire at the time of the Napoleonic Wars. Most of this is admirably managed. Miss Streatfeild has hit on a device which will make a child read on to see what happens next and she succeeds in conveying a great deal of information on buildings, food, clothes, inventions and social changes without ever dropping into the text-book manner. Her approach is unsentimental, liberal and tolerant, and she has been particularly successful in making her six children active participants and convincing individuals.

Swords of Iron is an addition to the Pageant series which is maintaining the high standard set by its general editor, Geoffrey Trease. Accuracy, straightforward narrative, natural conversation and no moralising have been specified. Miss Joyce Reason's story is set in Britain about twenty years before Julius Caesar's invasion. There is an attractive account of the lake village near Glastonbury and a vivid description of the fortification and defence of one of the hill forts. But in her anxiety to bring in the different tribes and cultures she has overcrowded the book with characters, and for some readers the story may not be strong enough to carry them through these confusions. But it is vigorously written and admirable in its use of dialogue.

Three Golden Nobles was published in the spring but can be warmly recommended as a Christmas present for a child fond of painting and likely to enjoy good descriptive writing. The time of Miss Price's story is between the Black Death and the Peasants' Revolt. There are two themes: London and the painters' guild when Hugh of St. Albans was directing the work in St. Stephen's Chapel, and the discontent on a manor which ends in a miniature peasants' revolt. They are linked by the story of a boy who runs away to London to become an apprentice painter. The first theme is developed with care and precision, and Miss Price has some vivid descriptions of London and the work of the painters. The second appears to have interested her less, and gives the book an unconvincingly happy ending.

Leslie Barringer's *The Rose in Splendour*, another Pageant book, takes us on another century to Yorkshire in the Wars of the Roses. Here too the hero is a boy who leaves his farm to become an apprentice illuminator; but in this book the emphasis is placed on country life and on the incidents which have the Battle of Towton as their centrepiece. Most boys will enjoy this, especially if they know the north. It has the right mixture of incident and description, no false heroics, excellent dialogue and very firmly blocked-in characters.

Miss Coatsworth's *The Last Fort* is not the tough western that its title and gaudy paper wrapper suggest. It is the tale of a French boy of fifteen whose father, morose and resentful after the fall of Quebec to the English in 1759, sends him with the fur traders up the St. Lawrence and across the lakes to find a new home for the family in the Mississippi valley. The voyage by canoe gives movement and variety to the book; and it can be read just as an adventure story with its accounts of canoeing and camping, treachery and escape, life with an Indian tribe and the final triumph. But the older boy may notice that there is much more in the book than this: the effect of the English victories on the French, the balanced and adult studies of character and the discovery that Indian tribes were not just savages but had their own codes of conduct. Miss Coatsworth has put a great deal of work into this book and has fused her research and her story with unobtrusive skill.

Colt of Destiny by Alida Malkus is a westerner, geographically at least. Its theme is the capture and training of wild horses by a boy attached to a Franciscan mission in eighteenth-century California. But here too there are more serious themes, sensitively handled and used to give drama to the book: the conflict of the missions with the Spanish military; the treatment of the Indians by Spanish landowners; and the way of life of the unsubdued tribes.

With John Niven's *Fair Wind to Adventure* we enter the Hornblower period and subject-matter. "Two crowded years," says the blurb, and crowded they are. Sharks, pirates, tigers, crashing broadsides, sailing through an enemy fleet under false colours ("If you veer from that course by as much as a couple of degrees I'll have you flogged")—Allan Cruickshank goes through it all, being knocked unconscious, throttled, often in situations when "if it was death to go, it was equally death to stay," but miraculously surviving to utter his favourite ejaculations of "Sink me," "Split me" or "Damn my eyes." Tough as he was he had "novel thoughts" when he saw a deserter being flogged round the fleet, though he kept them to himself. I shall let my son, now nearly eleven, stick to C. S. Forester, for whom he has a proper admiration.

Mission for Oliver, by David Scott Daniell, was broadcast as a Children's Hour serial and is an agreeable adventure story in a comic-opera setting of the Mediterranean in the Napoleonic wars. It would give pleasure to boys or girls not old enough to worry about plausibility. In *Flight from the Palace* George Sava continues the story of Peter Slavine, the young Russian prince caught by the revolution. Peter and his sister have now reached Persia. This, like the earlier books, is well written and carefully constructed. But Peter seems to have become stiffer and more stupid out of Russia, and those apparently numerous children who like to read about horses will be sorry to know that Star spends much of his time in the stables in Teheran.

J. O. PRESTWICH

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME

Oxford Junior Encyclopædia, Volume V: Great Lives. *Oxford.* 30s.

Elizabeth Fry. By KITTY BARNE. *Methuen.* 9s. 6d.

The Prisoners' Friend. By PATRICK PRINGLE. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

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The Story of Michelangelo. By AGNES ALLEN. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Charles Darwin and His Problems. By EVELYN CHEESMAN. *Bell.* 9s. 6d.

Six Great Englishmen. By AUBREY DE SELINCOURT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

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Lawrence of Arabia. By JOHN THOMAS. *Muller.* 6s.

I, Gordon of Khartoum. By RONALD SYME. *Burke.* 9s. 6d.

The teasing problem for the writer of a brief biography is how to include enough of the inessential to give life to the character described, without falsifying or omitting the essential facts. David Garnett in his *Pocahontas* complained of the fetters which facts impose on the imagination: he was concerned to evoke rather than to instruct. The accounts given in the new volume of the *Junior Encyclopædia* are at the opposite end of the scale, yet even here, in the most successful, the imagination has been kindled.

A second difficulty is to avoid a jerky style, in

the effort of condensing and simplifying for the sake of a young reader. The two problems are solved by some of these writers, notably in the life of Elizabeth Fry by Miss Kitty Barne, whose skill is all the plainer if one compares her book with another in this batch on the same subject—a workmanlike affair, with interesting photographs, but much less readable. Of the others, the life of Captain Smith and the stories of *Seven Adventurous Women* are the most entertaining; that of Michelangelo the best produced and illustrated. The short life of Darwin, though an honest piece of work, is not as vivid as the similar book by L. B. Pekin which appeared just before the war. The two Hamish Hamilton volumes are lively: Mr. de Sélincourt shows skill in managing to cram so much of so large a hero as Dr. Johnson into 32 pages, but he is inclined to talk of gaiety, imagination and daredevilry as if they were English prerogatives. He is, incidentally, the only author to give a bibliography for further reading—a most necessary addition. The accounts of Lawrence and of Gordon are of a lower standard: the former is written as if for the pages of the *Eagle* and the latter, told in the first person, gives little idea of the issues involved in the Sudan. The *Junior Encyclopædia* is more helpful here—and, indeed, can add useful points to some other of the biographies reviewed. The list of contributors is impressive, and it will make a useful reference book. It is well illustrated, like the others in the series, which is now complete except for one volume and an index.

To judge by the number and variety of these small books, there must be a steady demand for lives of the notable. Men and women of action, of course, hold the field: it would require a genius to compose such an account of a mystic or a philosopher, and the *Junior Encyclopædia* is only adequate on writers when it allows space for quotation—the descriptions of Joyce and D. H. Lawrence, for instance, would convey little to anyone who had not read their books. True, Mr. de Sélincourt has boldly chosen Keats for one of his *Six Great Englishmen*, and the result fully justifies him: but then, if a biographer merely quoted judiciously from Keats's letters, his work would be well done. Even with an artist of so strong a personality as Michelangelo, Miss Allen makes heavy weather of the narrative in her earlier chapters: "One can imagine the little Michelangelo walking round the Baptistery . . ." and so on. Perhaps it is partly Max Beerbohm's fault: any description of the period is now apt to sound like a stage direction from "*Savonarola*" *Brown*.

Courage is the quality common to all these heroes and heroines, and to read so many lives one after the other is to be set pondering on the varying states of mind in which this virtue can flourish to such an extraordinary extent. In Captain Smith it is outside the compass of the ordinary man's imagination. How *could* anyone endure to be thrown overboard as a Jonah, to be left for dead on the plains of Tartary and sold as a slave, to be condemned to death by his fellow-colonists, to be laid out for execution by Red Indians and saved on the block by a child, to be surrounded by treachery and rewarded by ingratitude, and still be ready for more adventure? Only a motive of overpowering love or else utter despair would seem to make it credible, yet in Smith it appears to have been a mixture of curiosity and single-minded attention to the job in hand. Hence the matter-of-fact way in which he described his escape from hanging: Captain Newport put up a gallows, "but Captain Smith, for whom they were intended, could not be persuaded to use them."

Attention to the matter in hand—that applies to all these men and women, and in some there was such a passionate conviction of its importance that this could overcome an extreme constitutional nervousness, as in Elizabeth Fry. Even Mary Kingsley (whose story is told in the *Seven Adventurous Women*), though terrified of wild animals, was able to exclaim to a leopard "Go home, you fool" with such hauteur that he slunk away.

ANNE RIDLER

SOME BOOKS FOR PRESENTS

Squarely facing the implications of its position in the series, the *Thirteenth Saturday Book* (Hutchinson, 25s) starts off with a scrutiny by Jonathan Curling of the number 13: the real trouble, one gathers (by way of Greece, Palestine, Norsemen, the Tarot Pack, etc.) is that it comes between 12 and 14—both multiples of good numbers. Other features of the book—now edited by John Hadfield—include the first study since 1906 (by John Fleming) of Cardinal paintings; a sheaf of photographs by Bill Brandt, "Cezanne Country"; an account by Oliver Warner of the Elizabethan jewels dug up in Cheapside 40 years ago. The illustrations are traditionally lavish and bizarre.

Horse lovers of all ages and types, from female grooms of ten to male gate-openers of eighty, would be pleased to receive Lionel Edwards's *Sportsman's Sketchbook* (Putnam, 12s 6d) or the 1954 edition of *The Horseman's Year* (Collins, 15s); this, as well as covering the outstanding races and shows of the year, has some entertaining pictures of the amateur coachmen and grooms who drove the Prime Ministers' coaches to the Coronation. Specialised interests can be met by Bernard Rackham's *Animals in Staffordshire Pottery* (King Penguin, 5s), by *Dances of Ireland* or *Dances of Belgium* in the Max Parrish series (4s 6d each), and by the second collection of V. Sackville-West's *Observer* articles, *In Your Garden Again* (Michael Joseph, 15s). A new edition of Osbert Lancaster's *Homes Sweet Homes* (Murray, 8s 6d) is recommended for sociological researchers. It is brought up to date by two new interiors, the "Jungle-Jungle" and the neo-Victorian ("back to great-aunt Harriet's front parlour")—a development which has forced "the older generation, corduroy-clad, *New Statesman*-reading, Freud-reared, into a position of Barrett-like reaction." George Brennand's *Walton's Delight* (Michael Joseph, 12s 6d) is a comic dissertation on the art of angling, with illustrations by H. M. Bateman.

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Books in General

PROFESSOR Pinto's handy edition of Rochester* is very welcome; it has been rather hard to get hold of a text. Apparently only two poems, of those considered genuine, were considered unprintable; to put a few of the more pointed and crucial verses in the notes, on the ground that they were cut from the Tonson edition, is not really distracting to the student.

Rochester became a legend in his own lifetime, and still more after his early repentant death, as the Type Case of the wicked lord of Charles II's court, roystering, sceptical and cynical, exquisite and depraved. Any obscene poem would be ascribed to him, like a proverb to Solomon; and even those who most reprobated his wickedness spoke of him with a certain awe and admiration. As Professor Pinto remarks, he was felt to be an explorer into human experience, with a kind of scientific interest (one must think of the newly formed Royal Society); he had gone into one of the possible ways of life as far as it was conceivable to go. "His sins were like his parts," says a pious biographer, meaning his intellectual brilliance; "for from them corrupted they sprang, all of them high and extraordinary. He seemed to affect something singular and paradoxical in his impieties, as well as in his writings, above the Reach and Thought of other men." His sins turn into his impieties; the point is not that they were pleasant but that they seemed a kind of blasphemy against normal life. They are connected both with religious disbelief and with the desire to be almost impossibly aristocratic; he was the last word in being a lord.

He fitted in with a fashion, but it is hard to know what the real impulses were. The Restoration turned so strongly against the Rule of the Saints that quite odd behaviour seemed justified merely because it didn't interfere with other people's enjoyment (a reaction which parts of the modern world might see again); there was a positive though vague feeling that the pleasure-loving man who satisfies his own nature thereby becomes kind to others, and a certain amount of cheating as well as self-indulgence could be included in this picture. A lot of upper-class persons, it seems obvious, were pretending to be reckless about the life of pleasure while really they were looking after their health and their money with decent care (indeed the gambler, one of the central types for this display of courage, could almost boast of this twist). But Rochester simply rode himself to death, with cries of despair and a sort of grim determination, and died at the age of thirty-three. One might think he died of a mistaken idea that his habits were required by fashion, which only makes him seem a fool. But nobody in his time thought of him so cheaply, though they complained at his getting other people into trouble; he seemed a man driven on by some unexplained force to torment himself like a saint; and that is what he says himself in his greatest poetry.

It seems to be assumed he died of syphilis, drink, and premature exhaustion, but one must always be a bit suspicious about the medicine of earlier times. Anyhow, it is clear that if he had survived his last illness he would have come out an entirely different man; Professor Pinto well points out that what little is known of his final religious discussions is not anything like a frightened betrayal of his intelligence. One might even feel that he died before he had stopped being a very clever spoiled child. But nothing later could have affected the inherent appeal of the few great lyrics, in which his feelings revolt against the life of pleasure, and he tries to understand why he has a kind of duty to stick to it, even though there is obviously no pleasure in it.

Not that he was sour about pleasure; his attitude to it has a heart-warming generosity. Humanly speaking, his obscenity is the most moral thing about him, indeed the chief thing that appears obscene is that he will have no nonsense about jealousy at all. The excuse for leaving his mistress (No. xix in this edition) is that it is her mission to go to bed with all mankind; it might have been a "banter" expected to annoy her, but even so it rises out of this possible bad temper into a splendidly gay picture of universal kindness, which really does treat her as a goddess. He was not at all the type of lady-killer who boasts of his powers; my impression had been that he often laughed at himself in verse for being impotent on some important occasion, but apparently Professor Pinto considers those poems spurious (wrongly, I suspect, without knowing the evidence); in any case, the tone of the accepted ones is the same. He does of course boast of his extreme indifference to scandal, as in the occasional claims to have enjoyed sodomy, but that is another thing. (By the way, the modern idea that it is an "incurable disease," cutting him off from pleasure with women, would have seemed as absurd to him as to, say, Ovid or Jenghis Khan.) He praises pleasure as a philosopher, whose serious opinion is that it makes people kind to each other. There is enough truth in this, especially after wars of religion, to have a startling moral weight.

Inherent in the delightful ease of his style there is also a puzzle about class. The reason why he could talk in this absolutely plain-man way was that he was a great lord and a favourite of the King; a person of lower class, such as a university professor or a Puritan preacher, would obviously have to talk in a more affected manner. The trouble with the style of Donne had been that it stank of the professional classes; only in real high life could a man learn to talk so that anybody could understand him at once. This obscure claim has somehow stuck to the English language; and it does not much matter whether the "easiness" of Rochester, in a particular case, was in effect harshly insolent at the time. I think the moral to be drawn is that class differences are less important than they appear but get used, like the American Parties, to carry any controversy that is going forward. It sounds a rosy view, but probably one could find other cases where a frightfully superior young lord had the effect of publicising a democratic way of talking.

This absolute duty to display "ease" (for example, after being challenged to a duel, or gambling away the property due to your son) has to be remembered before it seems sensible to call the lyrics of Rochester very deep. As so often in criticism, one isn't sure whether this curious effect has been thought too obvious to be worth mentioning. Take even the poem, "All my past life is mine no more," which ends

> Then talk not of Inconstancy,
> False Hearts, and broken Vows;
> If I, by Miracle, can be
> This live-long Minute true to thee
> 'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

The violence of the meaning, the intensity of the idea of love presumed, the rigid logic of the philosophical argument—all that belongs to the style of Donne, but what was admired in Rochester was to do it so gracefully that it now appears conventional. Or take

> Absent from thee I languish still,
> Then ask me not when I return:
> The straying Fool t'will plainly kill,
> To wish all Day, all Night to Mourn.
>
> Dear, from thine Arms then let me flie,
> That my Fantastick Mind may prove
> The Torments it deserves to try,
> That tears my fixt Heart from my Love.

It goes on to say he wishes he may die as soon as he gets to bed with the only woman he likes (almost certainly his wife; his marriage was not as you might think arranged but involved a passionate struggle, including getting himself into jail) because it is the only way to avoid being stolen away from her by one of the appalling women he meets elsewhere. I think the first verse means "Don't ask me to come back, because if I feel not only my own pain but also remorse at yours it will kill me," but the effort to write smoothly has made him blur the point of the antithesis. One might think it all rather too weepy, from a man who seems to have so little to worry about; and to end with "everlasting rest" seems rather a trick from a man who boasted he did not believe in Heaven. What saves the poem is the wild claim that his "fantastic mind" somehow needs "the torments it deserves to try." One is prepared to believe it of him. He is a test case, I think, against some recent critics who have said that one ought to ignore biography because a poem ought to stand by itself—if one didn't believe Rochester, his poems couldn't come off properly.

I noticed a recent critic writing on one of the great anthology pieces, "An age in her embraces past Would seem a winter's day," who said that there is only one good or deep verse,

> Fantastick Fancies fondly move,
> And in frail Joys believe,
> Taking false Pleasure for true Love,
> But Pain can ne'er deceive.

and that it is merely tacked on to an otherwise conventional poem. But this is only so if you read the rest of the poem conventionally, as a polite excuse for being unfaithful, perhaps; the whole puzzle about Rochester is that he makes the smooth convention of the Restoration love-poem seem so serious. Indeed, the excellent change of tone in the middle, when he jeers at his supposed critics:

---

* *Poems by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.* Edited by V. DE S. PINTO. *Routledge.* 15s

You wiser Men, despise me not,
Whose Love-sick Fancy raves,
On Shades of Souls, and Heav'n knows what;
Short Ages live in Graves.

When e'er those wounding Eyes, so full
Of Sweetness, you did see,
Had you not been profoundly dull
You had gone mad like me—

would apply to this critic well. I am not sure what the line about graves need be made to mean, but it keeps up the pressure very adequately. In any case, the whole claim of the argument is that he needed to torment himself; he couldn't be sure his love was true unless he tried the alternatives and found they really hurt him.

The *Satire on Man* is, I understand, partly imitated from the French, and no doubt would not be tidy even if properly finished; one cannot help regarding it less as a general truth than as a source of evidence about the deep dissatisfaction or resentment with the world which drove him to his death. The most powerful section is an argument as with hammer-blows that all human actions proceed from fear:

Wronged shall he live, insulted o'er, oppressed
Who dares be less a villain than the rest—

so that the only question is, "Who's a knave of the first rate?" All this is grand, but one might also wish the fanatics were *more* timid; and it doesn't explain why he himself had to fight so killingly hard to become a knave of the first rate—that seems clearly not done out of fear. (By the way, Professor Pinto refutes a story about his shirking a duel, but that wouldn't have been done out of fear either.) What made him do it one can't know, though guesses can be made; but anyhow he had a great influence. It took a number of pretty wild characters to create the placid and apparently unbreakable world of the eighteenth century.

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Has spent its dollars on the New York air,
Far from the valleys where the fox had power
And the green laughter of cherubic hair.

We knew him bardic, rolling drunk in pubs—
No poetry can live in sober men—
But words, words, words he threw like
Indian clubs
And caught them on his tongue and hands
like rain.

What the world misses is a peacheroo,
A natural, a cert, an odds-on winner—
Greater the loss for those who loved him too
And knew the gift of tongues could
save a sinner.

GAVIN EWART

GOSPEL TRUTH

The Nazarene Gospel Restored. By ROBERT GRAVES and JOSHUA PODRO. *Cassell.* 63*s*.

Mr. Graves says he is sorry for the Christians, especially those of the Protestant variety. He has written a book of 1,021 pages which will blow their illusions sky-high. He has reconstructed the original Nazarene gospel, the Aramaic oral tradition, of which our existing Gospels are perversions; or so he says.

Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary, a carpenter and his wife. At the age of thirty he was adopted by Mary Magdalene, an unmarried woman of the tribe of Levi, who went through the rite of pretending to give birth to him, her virginity then being certified by Salome. Mary's brother Joseph (of Arimathea) thereafter acted as the father of Jesus, thus confusing the genealogies. An alternative theory that Jesus was the son of Herod Antipater Mr. Graves rejects, after giving conclusive arguments in its favour. John the Baptist, who had arranged the adoption under the guise of the archangel Gabriel, then crowned Jesus King of the Jews with a crown of thorns, and three wise men brought gold and frankincense and myrrh; seven priests also took part in the ceremony. Jesus was blindfolded and ceremonially buffeted, so roughly that he was lamed. He was married to a third Mary, sister of Martha, who loved him much; but his remark to her, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?," indicates that there was no carnal indulgence.

Prompted by John the Baptist, whose relation to Jesus, according to Mr. Graves, was that of "a film-director to his leading actor," King Jesus set out on a tour of his dominions. As a Pharisee, or Free Essene, he preached obedience to the Mosaic law and hostility to the Romans. Though accused of being a wine-bibber, he drank only milk. Some of the stories told about him are misunderstandings by hasty Christians of synagogue pictures of Old Testament subjects, not now extant, but reconstructed by Mr. Graves. This is called "iconotropy," and Mr. Graves says that he is the first to notice it.

Finally Jesus decides to die as a victim-king for his nation. He intends that one of his disciples should assassinate him, and instructs them to buy swords. To provoke them, he plies them with wine at the Last Supper. But Judas, his most faithful disciple, saves him from assassination by arranging for his arrest, which upsets Jesus's plans. At the arrest Peter flees naked, and when challenged says that his name is Barabbas. Jesus is condemned to death by Herod Antipas, with the help of Pilate, for insulting his wife, and is crucified. Mr. Graves, who has made a special study of Roman methods of execution, gives full details. The body of Jesus is given to Joseph of Arimathea and Mary Magdalene, his adoptive parents, and laid in a tomb. The Roman guard, seeking loot, break open the tomb, and Jesus, who has revived, comes out, saying "I thirst." After conversation with his disciples he departs into the land of Nod; "In my father's house," he remarks, "there are many mansions." He climbs up a mountain into the mist, a disappointed man; this is called "the Ascension." But when he hears that Solon (later called Paul, a thoroughly dishonest person) is persecuting his followers, he and Peter waylay him on the road to Damascus and frighten him almost out of his wits. Under the influence of Solon-Paul, who wanted to throw off the restraints of the Mosaic law and curry favour with the Romans, those fantastic documents we call the Four Gospels were concocted out of the original simple story which Mr. Graves has recovered for us. The authenticity of this Aramaic oral tradition is ensured by the fact that it is in convincingly archaic English.

Mr. Graves has thrown light on a number of teasing problems. The Feeding of the Five Thousand is shown to be a demonstration by Jesus of a new solar calendar. The point of the story of the raising of Lazarus is that Lazarus was *not* raised. The verse, "There were set six waterpots of stone . . . containing two or three firkins apiece" (*John* ii.6), means that the six labouring days of the week must be kept holy, and since two is a male number and three a female, this is incumbent on men and women alike. Jesus, when asked about Plato and Philo, said that no good could come out of them. Peter's wife's mother merely pretended to be sick of a fever, because she disapproved of Jesus and did not want to wait on him. The servant with the one talent survived a massacre which destroyed his master and the other servants, and was made a judge. The servant who failed to watch (*Luke* xii) was in bed with a woman, and his lord struck him through the liver with a dart. So many obscurities are cleared up that it is disappointing to read that "it is not known why Thomas was called Didymus, or the Twin"; Mr. Graves is probably here holding something back.

The form of the book is most thorough and systematic. There are 177 chapters, 113 of them devoted each to a single incident in the life of Christ. Each of these chapters begins with the quotation in full of the passages in the four Gospels and other documents (apocryphal gospels, and Jewish and Christian gossip for several centuries) which Mr. Graves believes to be relevant. Then follows Mr. Graves's comment, based upon his extensive knowledge of anthropology and Mediterranean and Jewish antiquities, but including also solem statements like "Thaddaeus, 'bosom,' is a nickname for Judas son of James—a reference, perhaps, to his matronly figure." All the passages quoted appear to have equal evidential value for Mr. Graves; that is, all are equally deceitful, and the information in them can be re-arranged and the speeches transposed to other characters and occasions, just as Mr. Graves wishes.

The so-called Higher Criticism, which has settled with comparative certainty the relation of the Gospels to one another (and therefore should have been relevant to Mr. Graves's argument), is outside his ken. His re-arrangements are so drastic that he is not able to employ the kind of argument which was so devastating in the hands of Samuel Butler, who assumed that the stories meant what they said; rationalists will not thank Mr. Graves for blunting their weapons. At the end of each chapter he gives

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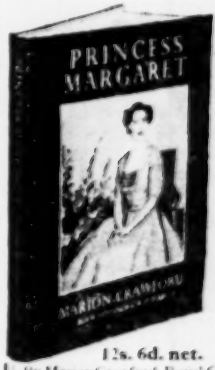

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NEWNES

the full text of his "Aramaic oral tradition" which he says emerges from his critical study, but the textual relationship between the sources and the result is difficult to trace; textual criticism to Mr. Graves seems only to be the manipulation of individual words. He does not even discuss his suggestions in the context of the work of other New Testament scholars who have touched on the same topics: no one would guess, for example, that the idea that Jesus was an Essene is not a new thought of Mr. Graves's, but has been freely discussed by scholars for nearly 200 years.

Mr. Graves has great imaginative gifts, and a wide knowledge of the Graeco-Roman world and its cults. His collaborator Mr. Podro appears to be an expert in Hebrew and Aramaic. They could have added a valuable and exciting new chapter to the quest of the historical Jesus. It is by no means ended, and they might have done something to help. Instead, they have given us this.

H. L. Short

NEW NOVELS

Missa Sine Nomine. By Ernst Wiechert. *Peter Nevill.* 15s.

Except the Lord. By Joyce Cary. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

A Single Pilgrim. By Norman Lewis. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

This German novelist has to talk himself into his mood. One chapter opens with a meditation on time recalling Thomas Mann's splendid "*Was ist die Zeit?*" passage at the opening of *Der Zauberberg*, but unfortunately this one is not splendid, only rather tiring. Ernst Wiechert's mood, heroic, humourless, an Old Testament lamentation with lurid slashes of heathenish grandfather-worship, is as a pot in which, from barbarous, disgusting, and sweet ingredients, all assiduously collected, all attentively stirred, he brews a potion—Germany—and offers it as a prescription for moral recovery.

His is a lonely soul, lonely as a *guru* in a Tibetan cave; he can only drink his vision, which tells him that an old-fashioned Germany of "quiet lawfulness" is trying to grow again in a few German hearts, and hope that his example will persuade others to believe in it—not only other Germans: he comes here, clothed (by Marie Heynemann and Margery Ledward) in persuasive English. He is not quite a "child lost and crying in the night." As his plot thickens, he begins to look around him with increasing assurance.

He sees cottagers straggling home from the war and refusing to take up their old work in the fields when it is offered. "They did not wish to come because they wished to remain apart." They typify the displacement of the spirit. Wiechert was willing to set against this the "blessing and the fascination of work." He was not willing to set against it what is generally known as "reconstruction."

> He had already experienced after the first world war how the flood of words poured down over the ruins, and how in a disastrous way people forgot that the reconstruction of their own small lives was the most important work laid before their hands. And so out of the thousandfold multiplicity of the small, not reconstructed lives the disaster had arisen which had devastated the world—and the hearts with the world.

What this novel means by work is guardianship: an active care of one soul for another which validates an appeal not only to Bible faith, but also to fairy-stories and to the ways, gracious or harsh, of the old master-man nexus. He bases this on a tale of three brothers who return to a moorland domain which they had ruled as Junker barons. Now they have and are nothing more than the humblest stragglers, who once had homes here under them. But they try. Amadeus, the youngest, degraded by four years in a concentration camp, sucks into himself the Nazi poison still virulent in some of the moorland folk; so he makes it harmless and is redeemed. Soon he is revered.

Wiechert's book is a strong draught and whenever the dubious matter of German responsibility, that old indissoluble bit of matter, bobs to the surface, he throws in something extra strong such as an American lieutenant who thinks that Hiroshima was as bad as Dachau and that Americans have no right to say—"Whose fault was it?" Then he triumphs again with his flavours of earth and doubt and example, of humility and solicitude. His poeticality seems akin to that of a faith-healer whose disadvantage beside the qualified man may be, not his technique, but his unrecognized standing. Wiechert's feeling that Germany is the moral waif of Europe tempts him to be too reverent, too humble, in fact to protest too much, as the faith-healer tends to do; this introduces a questionable element. "Melody, one of the greatest miracles of this earth." Rank Teuton stuff. *Missa Sine Nomine* has it; yet it partakes of the rare, perhaps of the miraculous.

Except the Lord is divided into sixty-two numbered sections. There are no other breaks of chapters or parts, and the sections are all short, four to five pages on an average. While reading, I began to find myself dreading the speedy, aggressive recurrence of the black section numbers. The sprints between seemed short-winded, they interposed an anxious, most unwelcome idea of Mr. Cary gathering himself together for each sprint, and from this came a fresh anxiety: suppose one of these flashes fails to flash its meaning? Then it is gone, there is no going back for it, no pause for recovery, no drawing of a deep and steady breath.

It is only a guess that this grandmother's-steps method, which is certainly not without cruelty, has something to do with the complete failure of *Except the Lord*. This is a dead book. It is supposed to be written by an old man—Chester Nimmo, "agitator, preacher, statesman"—but not by a dead one. In section 61, two or three pages before the end, old Nimmo reaches his grand declaration, that—

> . . . profoundest of truths not only for the man but for all his endeavours—not only in his family life but in his political activity—that unless he aim at the life of the soul then all his achievement will be a gaol or a mad-house, self-hatred, corruption and despair.

Unfortunately there has not been one passage in which the "life of the soul" is made palpable by this writer whose art has been famous for its life. Very early a false calm seizes Mr. Cary's style. He speaks, through the cramped hand of old Nimmo, of the tributary of "prophetic force" that flowed from stern, poverty-bred, extreme Nonconformism into English Radicalism—political and trade-unionist—seventy-five years ago. The figures of Nimmo's memory are meticulous puppets except for an impetuous sister, Georgina, who has something charming that must have lived. The puppet tableaux, struggles and setbacks, loss of faith, atheistic socialism, Marxism, strikes, since they touch neither heart nor mind, are sluggish as a sketch of English social history. Mr. Cary has before now seemed to mistrust his impressionist brilliance, to feel that he ought to know more of the facts that dons know. If so, the facts have revenged themselves on him.

Authors of masculine stories with exotic backgrounds, stories of action, character, and limited aims, could learn from Mr. Maugham, not his art and power, but things learnable because they are points of craft. In Mr. Lewis's story a man sees a murder, and what he remembers about the victim are "silly details"—his "quick shuffling walk," the "slap of his sandalled heels," a "tasselled bag" he was carrying. Good. Then: "These pointless observations were the realest part of the whole episode." I groaned, and groaned often, for an insensitive, gratuitous, rubbing-in repetitiveness is the bane of *A Single Pilgrim*, which otherwise is an able report, touched with pleasant feeling and an excellent sense of farce, about the fate of a British timber company in Laos when caught by Far East politics. We chart the soul of John Crane, General Manager. His soul is dull, a stagy death does not improve it. Why did the British fail? We get hints, but they are cursory, as is anything here that strays outside the fold of a picturesque yarn.

Giles Romilly

BATTLES LONG AGO

Sir John Moore. By Carola Oman. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 42s.

When John Moore first came under fire as a lieutenant at the age of 17, he confessed himself in a letter home as having been "*devilishly frightened.*" It is of such stuff that heroes are made. During the thirty subsequent years of his military service fear is not mentioned again, although he never took part in a battle where he was not in the forefront. Indeed, he became known as an "unlucky" soldier on account of the frequency with which he was wounded—five times in all. In Holland once he might have been left for dead on the field had not two Highlanders rescued what they thought to be their general's inanimate body. Yet courage is not all that is required for success in war. Nor is death in the hour of victory, like that of Sir John Moore at Corunna, in itself a sure passport to fame. Moore is a legend in the British army, not for his bravery, but because he was the first general to treat the rank-and-file like human beings and give them a pride in their profession. "The scum of the earth who only enlisted for drink" (to use Wellington's favourite description) became transformed by Moore's methods of training into self-respecting soldiers, who proceeded to win the Peninsular War and the battle of Waterloo.

If scholarship were all there would be no better biographer in the world than Miss Oman. She has devoted over four years of studious labour to writing the life of this intrepid man; she has garnered the facts from every quarter and marshalled them in proper chronological order;

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BOWES & BOWES

she has left out nothing whatever bearing on Sir John Moore—except her own opinion of him. (She did exactly the same, it will be remembered, in her equally massive biography of that equally intrepid man, Nelson.) Her dispassionate appraisal of events would do credit to an electronic brain. Her impartiality far exceeds that of the judicial bench, for she never even sums up her hero's character or his behaviour, his faults, his virtues or his achievements. "I hope my country will do me justice," were Moore's dying words. In spite of the excellence of her intentions, Miss Oman has not done that: she has brought all the evidence into court, but she leaves the final verdict unpronounced.

The character that emerges from Miss Oman's informative pages is that of a simple and unaffected Lowland Scot, single-mindedly intent on his military career. As a self-confident practical man Moore was determined to get things done in the most efficient manner; and it was in pursuit of efficiency, rather than anything more high-minded and humanitarian, that he introduced his enlightened system of training for the Light Brigade at Shorncliffe. Since he was indissolubly wedded to the Army he had no time or inclination for romance. There was a Miss Caroline Fox in Sicily of whom he once had tender thoughts. But Miss Oman makes it brutally clear that Lady Hester Stanhope, whatever she had to say on the subject in later life, never had the slightest hopes of an offer of marriage from him. Moore's keenness for the service made him extremely popular with all ranks of the Army but often landed him in trouble with outsiders. He had a notable quarrel with the Navy, in the person of Nelson in Corsica; he never learnt how to deal with diplomats; and he grumbled at the indefinite minds of politicians, who were always vaguely ordering his precious Army "to go somewhere and do something," they knew not what. Consequently his professional services, in spite of his talents and energy, were not always in request.

Naturally the life of such a martial man is largely composed of battles, which Miss Oman describes in considerable detail and with as much lucidity as is possible without the accompaniment of accurate maps. (The maps provided are too shoddy to be of much use.) The last campaign is by far the most interesting, particularly for those who like to straighten out the kinks in history. Although Moore's march across Spain from Salamanca to Corunna is represented in our school books as a brilliantly calculated feat of arms, culminating in a decisive victory, Miss Oman's unemotional day-by-day, almost hour-by-hour record of events tells a somewhat different story. Moore stayed ten days at Salamanca vacillating between retreat and advance: his limitations as a general were being sadly exposed. His previous experience, extensive as it was, had been confined to littoral warfare with the Navy ever at his back door: he had never been so far inland with an army in his life. The Spaniards were beckoning him on, while common sense was pulling him back, as he knew that Napoleon was not far off with a greatly superior force. The final decision to proceed and take "a wipe at Soult" was more of an angry gesture than a cool manœuvre. Moore was angry with Hookham Frere for sending him false information and expecting him to act on it, angry with the Spaniards for wanting him to fight their battles for them, angry at the politicians who had sent him "to do something" and not specifying what, angry at the idea of turning tail without a fight, and particularly angry with a certain Colonel de Charmilly, who turned up the night before to tell him what a chance of "Glory" he was missing. "I was aware that I was risking infinitely too much," he said: and so he was. He was actually marching straight ahead into a trap, and only realised what he was doing in the nick of time.

The subsequent retreat across the mountains in mid-winter was inglorious. Moore's gallant rearguard alone distinguished itself by holding off the French: the rest of the troops seem to have drunk and looted their way to the coast, where the transports had not arrived to embark them. In retrospect the campaign ended in failure for all the principals concerned. Moore had failed to get in his wipe at Soult; Napoleon had failed to catch Moore; the Navy had failed to reach Corunna with the transports on time; and when Soult was thereby in a position to take his wipe at Moore, he failed too. Yet Moore, by his heroic death, has long since redeemed in English eyes the rashness of his strategy; and whenever "Not a drum was heard" is recited we shall feel proud to remember him.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,240

Set by Guy Walsingham

The usual prizes are offered for a verse comment—in any form, but not exceeding 12 lines—supposed to have been made by the perpetrator of the Piltdown Man hoax on the occasion of its exposure forty years later. Entries by December 8.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,237

Set by C. Dunlop

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to try their hand at an English version of this poem by Théophile Gautier.

CHOC DE CAVALIERS

Hier il m'a semblé (sans doute j'étais ivre)
Voir sur l'arche d'un pont un choc de cavaliers
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Et caparaçonnés de harnois singuliers.

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Des dragons accroupis grommelaient sur leurs casques,
Des Méduses d'airain ouvraient leurs yeux hagards
Dans leurs grands boucliers aux ornements fantasques,
Et des noeuds de serpents écaillaient leurs brassards.

Par moment, du rebord de l'arcade géante,
Un cavalier blessé perdant son point d'appui,
Un cheval effaré tombait dans l'eau béante,
Gueule de crocodile entr'ouverte sous lui.

C'était vous, mes désirs, c'était vous, mes pensées,
Qui cherchiez à forcer le passage du pont,
Et vos corps tout meurtris sous leurs armes faussées,
Dorment ensevelis dans le gouffre profond.

Report by C. Dunlop

"This is a rum poem," comments Frances Lobb, "rather as if Apollinaire and Hérédia had collaborated uneasily." One of the setter's reasons for choosing it was the apparent clarity of the picture: it would be interesting to see how the English versions succeeded in building up the same image from different words. But clearly—it now emerges after a conscientious reading and re-reading of just on 1,600 lines of verse—everyone did not receive the same mental image from the French. Quite half the competitors made the crocodile—isn't it, even in a vision, a figurative creature?—a real one. By his syntax Gautier suggests that the *eau béante* was a *gueule de crocodile*; but competitors made knight and horse end up "straight in a snapping crocodile's course" (D. L. L. Clarke), "into the waiting crocodile's half-open hungry jaws" (Jean Vickers), "a waiting alligator's gaping hell" (Pibwob); or simply, "where crocodiles kept vigil grim" (G. Watton). Neat renderings of this passage came from Jean Goujon ("... the flood Agape beneath him like a saurian's jaws"), and A. Westlake ("... and all Fed a saurian-smiling flood"). The other crux was *armes faussées*; few versions succeeded in conveying the notion of *warped* or *twisted* which seemed to belong to the image. Here again Jean Goujon was neat, with "weapons out of true."

After some brooding over versions which caught all the points yet seemed to smell of the dictionary and the task, I decided to award first prize of three guineas to M. Stanier for producing a solid English poem, and no mere shadow of its original. A guinea and a half each to John Arden and to Alan Russell (in spite of his *t'was's* and his '*cloud-hung* battlements'—where did he find them?). Special prize of half a guinea to A. M. P. (address, please) for so spiritedly translating Gautier into the military idiom of today.

Honourable mention: A. Westlake (his title, "Knightsbridge"), Vivian Bearn, F. V. Wells, Jean Goujon, P. M. (in spite of those crocodiles below!) and H. David Coe (Another modernisation—"A Clash of Tanks").

STORM TROOPS

Last night—was I drunk?—I swear I saw them,
A flurry of horse at the bridge-brow ride,
Sheathed in copper, with steel for breast-plate,
Rarely panoplied.

Their helms a yammering dragon straddles,
On fantastic bucklers Medusa wakes
A wild and brazen eye; their brassards
Are scaled with a knot of snakes.

And from the edge of that span enormous
Ever anon I saw them go,
A frightened horse and a hurt man stagger
To crocodile depths below.

Desires and dreams, it was you were the horsemen,
You who assaulted the bridge, till sleep
Rid the flesh of its rack of armour,
Buried you chasm-deep.

M. STANIER

A CLASH OF HORSEMEN

It was the drink, surely, this last day, drove
Across my sight high horsemen on a bridge
Clashing together, all ribbed with iron and brass,
Outlandish riders in outlandish gear.

The dragons of their helmets crouched and snarled,
On their great shields bronze Gorgon eyes were staring
Wild among a frenzy of strange ornament,
And serpents swarmed upon their plated wrists.

Then they were falling from the huge arch-rim,
Now tottering men, now horses, pitching down,
The riders blind with wounds, the beasts fear-flung
Far down into the water's saurian yawn.

O my lusts, my dreams, it was your rage and charge
Fiercely along that bridge in vain, your fall,
Your battered bones I saw, your armours hacked—
And now the deep gulf shrouds you all in sleep.

JOHN ARDEN

KNIGHTS IN COMBAT

A vision yesterday, in drink, I had:
High on a bridge's cloud-hung battlements
Rode knights in combat, brass-bound, iron-clad,
And harnessed all with quaint accoutrements.

Upon their helmets growling dragons lurked,
And bronze Medusas savage glances flung
From massive bucklers curiously worked,
And thick on gauntlets knotted serpents clung.

Sometimes, a foothold failing, iron claws
Clutching at air, from that gigantic height,
Down to the water's alligator jaws
Would tumble frightened horse and wounded knight.

O my desires, my thoughts, 'twas you that went
To storm the bridge, 'twas you that charged in rank:
Your mangled bodies, all their armour bent,
Plunged in the deep, and slumber where they sank.

ALAN RUSSELL

NIGHT MARES

Blimey boys, I must of been tight
To see such a shockin' sight:
  Knights ridin' by in proper
  Old-fashioned steel and copper,
  Dragons on their tin 'ats,
  Old girls with snakes for plaits,
  Cobras as badges, curling tails
  Ugh! round slimey scales . . .
    Now someone's down. A bloke
    And 'is 'orse run amok,
    Ding! into the drink they go
    To the crocodiles's jaws below.
D'ya know wot me trick-cyclist ses,
"Them things are you and your thoughts, Les,
They give you a bashin' but now they lay
Buried forever" and I ses "that's o.k."

A. M. P.

CHESS: Losing a Win

No. 217

Since most of us are not averse to complaining that, but for some cruel mischance, we ought to have won almost any game we lost, the sad story I have to tell should find commiserating readers. Some time soon we might deal with the more cheerful subject of how to win a lost game and the more difficult one of how to win a win. My present story reminds me of what Steinitz said when holding forth at Simpson's Divan in the Strand before an audience including Bird, Mackenzie and many other masters. "Pshaw," he said (or words to that effect); "I play my King all over the board. I make him fight. What did Morphy do? He castled! He put his King safely in a corner!" Whereupon Mackenzie blew a cloud of smoke and quietly observed: "Not a bad idea, either!" It was by neglecting Mackenzie's sensible notion (or by taking Steinitz's too literally) that the Swiss master Christoffel came to grief when—playing White against his compatriot Grob in 1942—he had reached the fine position above—reward of excellent opening strategy in a Ruy Lopez. But now, alas, he rushed his fences; and let that be a lesson to us, indeed not the only one this instructive game has to provide.

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All that White had to do was to play Q-B2, followed by P-R3, and the attack, in due time, would have swept on irresistibly, and without any risk either. But young Christoffel was in a hurry and blissfully courted complications and trouble. He got both.

(19) P-Kt6?	Q x P!	(26) B-Q4	B-B1
(20) Kt x Q	B x Q	(27) K-B2	Kt-Q3
(21) Kt-B7 ch	K-Q2	(28) R-K3	B-B5
(22) Kt x R	R x Kt	(29) QR-K1	P-B3!
(23) R-K1	B-B5	(30) K-Kt3	B-Kt4
(24) P x P	QB x P	(31) B-Kt6	P-KB4!
(25) B-K3	Kt-B5	(32) K-R4?	

True enough, he has won the exchange; but he couldn't make much headway. So he is off again rushing his fences; worse, he is enlisting H.M.'s august person to do it, thereby forgetting that eminently sensible notion of Morphy's quoted initially. He little knew that he was composing a sort of sui-mate by making his King walk to his own grave.

(32)	Kt-K5!	(35) K-Kt6	P-B4!!
(33) K-R5	B-Q3	(36) P x P?	B-K1 ch
(34) P-Kt3	K-K3	(37) K x P	B-B1 ch!

Having failed to see the fiendishness of Black's 35th move (and to counter it by B x P) White faces inescapable mate.

A: Trenkler 1942

Just to prove to beginners that nothing in Chess (even when quoted from Morphy) can be accepted without qualification this week's 4-pointer is a game position in which the White K has marched forth with impunity, and to his triumph rather than his doom. How did White cause his opponent's resignation in a couple of moves? **B**—White to win—is an ingenious little study and probably underrated with 6 ladder-points. To earn the 7 points for **C**—also a win for White—should be facilitated by the useful hint that in the main variation White should emerge with two Bishops dominating the same colour—the very theme on which our *Kraftlöser* have caught great masters, such as Korolkov, napping. I can but hope that the new contender for the world championship will be spared a similar fate.

B: H. Mattison 1925

C: V. Smyslov 1936

Usual prizes. Entries by Dec. 7th.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 7

A: (1) Kt-B6 ch, P x Kt. (2) Q-B8 ch, K x Q. (3) B-B6 ch, K-Kt1. (4) R-K8 mate.

B: (1) Kt-B5, P-R7. (2) Kt-Kt3, K-Kt7. (3) Kt-R1, K x Kt. (4) K-B1, P-B4. (5) P-R6, P-B5. (6) P-R7, P-B6. (7) P-Kt, P-B7. (8) Kt-Kt6, P x Kt. (9) P-B7, P-Kt4. (10) P queens, P-Kt5. (11) Q mates.

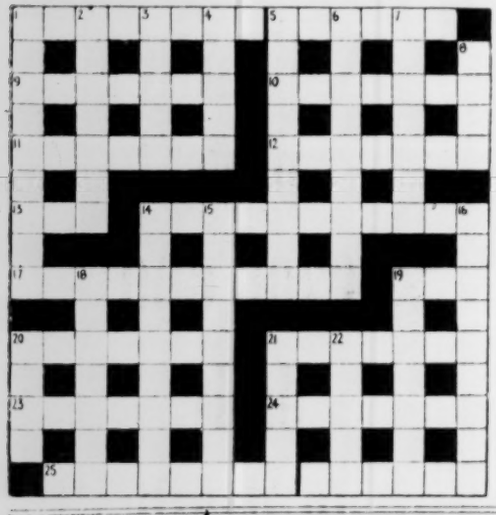
C: (1) B-B4, R-Kt3. (2) B-K2 ch, R-Kt5. (3) B-Q1, P-B4. (4) K-R8, K-Kt3. (5) P x R, P-R6. (6) B-B2, P-R7. (7) B x P ch, K-B2. (8) B-K1, P-B4. (9) B-Q5, ch K-Kt3. (B3. (10) P-Kt5, etc.

Much praise for fellow-competitors' home-made efforts. A. Allan points out that **A** occurred in the game Richardson-Delmer, played in U.S.A. about 1850. He shares the prizes with C. H. Brown, G. S. Fisher, A. Schneider, G. H. F. Tredinnick. *Londoners' 17th move Q-R4. Non-Londoners' 18th due by Dec. 2.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 76

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 76, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 8th Dec.



ACROSS

1. Where to give expression to one's agony (8, 6).
9. Game for poor players (7).
10. Judge of drill in redisposition of the rear (7).
11. Degrees or tiny parts of them (7).
12. It sounds as if Prestwick is the terminus (7).
13. This number is returned after all deductions have been made (3).
14. Gambling opportunities for bob-a-job workers? (11).
17. Making atoms the craftsman may have a serene end (11).
19. Doubles' seed (3).
20. In this school you may put a backward boy among hard workers (7).
21. Cut up about quietly being married (7).
23. Fruit for a queen (7).
24. Conveyor of goods or ills (7).
25. Where to sit and be patient while others stop (8, 6).

DOWN

1. News items about the plot for dependents (9).
2. Crossed flower (7).
3. One who hunted for a particle of gold (5).
4. Bottoms after translation? (5).
5. Fruit of a sailor being in the clapper perhaps (9).
6. Frees other people lest Beria gets loose (9).
7. The place for lack-lustre hair (7).
8. Pattern of anxiety (4).
14. The commentator is to clash with a new arrangement (9).
15. These people perhaps nurse Asia (9).
16. Patterns for flags (9).
18. "—— the loud unseemly jape" (Belloc) (7).
19. Composer who first upsets part of the service (7).
20. Sculpture destroyed (4).
21. Comic footwear (5).
22. Modest dame who is always at church (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 74

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 74

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PERSONAL—continued

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JOHN Vickers—Photographer of many of Britain's great personalities, welcomes those who usually dislike being photographed. 29B Belgrave Rd., London, S.W.1. Tel. VICtoria 1915.

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS Holidays. We can still include you in our Christmas New Year ski-ing parties to Lech, Wengen, Saalbach, Obergurgl and Kitzbuehel, or an informal Christmas party at one of our hotels or country house centres nr. Windsor, in Surrey, Sussex or in the Wye Valley. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SEE Russia and China and help with East-West trade. Proposed trip to show British motor cycles and cycles (pay own expenses). Highest refs. exchanged. Box 3371.

CHILDREN'S Christmas House Party! A few vacancies at Pinehurst, Goudhurst, Kent—also for rest of the holidays. Write Mrs. C. Feek B.A. or tel. Goudhurst 316.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Original designs by contemporary artists; wood-engravings, lino-cuts, etc., from 3d. upwards. Samples post free. The Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Parties from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

THE Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. WELbeck 9600. Relaxing and stimulating therapies. Osteopathy, Manipulation, Massage. Ask for brochure.

YOGHOURT made from milk easily and cheaply at home. Dets.: Yalacta Products, Ltd., Dept. P., Poplar Road, Shipley, Yorks.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

BEFOGGED? Find a fresh atmosphere at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send for details of mid-week residence and courses.

PERSONAL—continued

ARE You interested in the Government's plan for introducing competitive television? The Popular Television Association, of 78 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, will gladly send Speakers to address your Society on this vital subject.

SARDINIA. You need not be wealthy to enjoy an unusual holiday in this beautiful island. Good Hotels, completely inclusive, completely carefree. Write for advance information to Corsair Travels, Ltd., 58a, Duke Street, London, W.1.

"AU Petit Cordon Bleu." Order your copy of new edition, 11s. post pd.: Specialist Books, 1 Cambridge Sq., London, W.2.

GENTLEMAN requires private tuition Mathematics. Sat. mornings. Box 3311.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D 191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

M.P.s creak, dovecotes flutter, Life's a hazard, so very utter. House Purchase, Endowment, Pensions, Education. H. L. Austin, ex-M.P., Crown Life Ins. Co., 125 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 1701.

ENGLISH writer wants exch. English conversation for French (native). PAR. 6309.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

DRAMATIC Societies, Managements or Authors can stage Productions or Try-outs at Irving Theatre, Irving St., W.C.2.

P.S. Only four places now available in Christmas ski party to Bretaye, Switzerland. December 19-January 2. 28½gns. inclusive. Party personally led by Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

ENTIRE staff required (Matron, Sister S.R.N., Teacher, House Mothers, Married couple—Gardener/Handyman-Domestic) for Regional Centre for Psychotic and grossly maladjusted children 3-12 years of age, to be opened shortly in the St. Albans Area. Requests for further details and forms of application should be addressed to: Group Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, St. Albans City Hospital, Normandy Rd., St. Albans, Herts.

CITY of Birmingham. Appointment of After-Care Officer. Applications are invited for the post of After-Care Officer to act as organiser of after-care work in connection with former pupils of Special Schools for educationally sub-normal children. The duties will also include the organisation and supervision of occupation and industrial centres for mental defectives of which there are, at present, nine. Salary A.P.T. IV-V: £555-£645 p.a. It is desirable that candidates should possess a University Diploma or Certificate in Social Science or Mental Health, and some experience of teaching, especially with E.S.N. children, would be an advantage. The appointment will be subject to passing a medical examination and to the conditions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned (Special Schools). Closing date December 5. E. L. Russell, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Birmingham, 3.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Children's Welfare Officer (Female) on the staff of the Children's Department. Child Care, Social Science Certificate or recognised qualifications, and/or experience in a Children's Department. Salary £525 × £15 - £600, i.e., A.P.T. III and IV. Use of car essential. Council has loan scheme to assist purchase of new or second-hand cars. Post will be permanent and pensionable. Application forms, obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford, should be returned not later than Dec. 5. Gerald Gale Burkett, Clerk of the Council.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser (temporary staff) for duty in first instance in Poplar district. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Experience in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £437 10s. × £31 5s. to £562 10s. commencing according to quals. and expce. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 5, 273 Bancroft Road, E.1. Closing date December 5. (1285.)

TEACHER (expd.) reqd. Jan. Interested in individual child, fully qualified. Gen. subjects, games/art. Burnham Scale. Principal, Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

FABIAN Society. Applications are invited by December 10 for the position of Assistant Secretary at a salary of £450 p.a. Particulars from the General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. Mark letters "Asst. Sec."

BIRMINGHAM Borough Labour Party require an Assistant Organiser to work under the direction of the Party Secretary in a Group Agency Scheme. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms obtainable from J. H. Nash, 25a Paradise St., Birmingham, 1, to whom they must be returned not later than Saturday, December 19, 1953.

OFFICIAL German educational organisation seeks British-born and educated Secretary/Personal Assistant. Grad. prefd. Good German, German shorthand, secretarial training essential. Salary £400-£440 accdg. to qualifications. Applications enclosing full particulars & testimonials to Box 3681.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry requires Secretary/Computor, woman, age 18-27. Whitley Council Grade A salary scale. Ordinary secretarial duties with shorthand and typing. Some computing required, but successful applicant will be trained if necessary. Varied appointment. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5. (Rk.)

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18, Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

FULLY qualified shorthand-typist for export manager, capable of secretarial duties; knowledge of chemical trade advantageous but not essential; West End. 5-day week with alternate Saturdays. Canteen. Salary according to experience. Box 3662.

IRVING Theatre Club require young educated typist, good handwriting and figures. Salary £5. Also Box Office Assistant with poster-writing experience. 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

BURNETTS Again! Dictaphone Typist, able to use own initiative. City. £7. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MALADJUSTED Children. Woman teacher required, preferably with some residential experience of maladjusted children or remedial teaching. Burnham scale for special schools, plus board and lodging in return for extra-curricular duties. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

EDUC. Girls can find first-rate sec. posts, perm./temp., no fees, through St. Stephen's Secretariat 38 Parliament St. S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BOOKMAN, 32, experienced bookshop management, public librarianship, requires resp. admin. position booktrade/publishing/journalism; knowledge cataloguing, bibliography, research, editing; public school; creative & critical work published. Box 3132.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Choice Before South Africa," by E. S. (Solly) Sachs; revised and up-to-date paper edition 5s. (inc. postage 5s. 6d.). Order from E. S. Sachs, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1. ABBey 3770.

ARISTOPHANES—"Peace" and "Lysistrata." New translation by D. Alastos, with introduction. 10s. 6d. "Zeno," 6 Denmark Street, W.C.2. TEM. 2522.

"BETTER Schools Now!" Peggy Jay's challenging and helpful book for parents. 3s. 6d. from bookshops/stalls or (with 2d. postage) from Turnstile Press, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

"140 Jewish Marshals, Generals and Admirals," by E. Rubin. 300 pp., 100 illustrations, 21s. from all booksellers.

MARQUIS de Sade, selected writings translated Saint-Yves now available, 30s. From your bookseller or Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

THE Economists' Bookshop, 11-12 Clement's Inn Passage, London, W.C.2, invites you to submit lists of books on Economics, History, and Social Sciences, you may wish to sell (periodicals excluded).

"ENDURING Passion" by Dr. Marie Stopes. 7s. 6d. 108 Whitfield St., W.1.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity." A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended." Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

FREE Catalogue of books on Occultism, Mysticism, Yoga, Eastern Philosophy & All Allied Subjects. 1½d. stp. Aquarian Book Service, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1.

WANTED. Runs of Magazines such as Verve; Minotaure; Transition; Criterion; Horizon; Nine; Seven, etc.; Also Learned & Technical Jnls.; Libraries & Reviews purchased; Out-of-Print books found; Catalogues issued. Fisher and Speir, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

LIBRARIES bought. Any size. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

WANTED: Comintern/Trotsky literature. Details please to Box 3482.

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FRENCH books, well bound, always wanted. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St., S.W.1. VIC. 1583.

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WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

TANKERTON-on-Sea, Kent. Enjoy Xmas, Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Country house atmosphere; sheltered, large grounds; excellent food, spacious bedrooms. C.H. Moderate. Tel. Whitstable 3243.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Blazing log fires welcome you and a friendly staff look after your comfort. Good food a speciality here. Sharpthorne 17.

WELCOMBE Hotel, Stratford-upon-Avon. An elegant hotel with 40 acres of grounds which once belonged to Shakespeare. Open during winter, Welcombe exudes the peaceful air of an older England. The Resident Manager will attend to your requirements personally.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

TREGENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. For winter warmth and sunshine—gracious country house hotel standing above the fine old Cornish harbour with Mediterranean climate. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms., 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6gns. weekly, inclusive.

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter holiday? All those needing warmth and comfort in "Britain's Best Winter Climate" (town claim) should write for informative brochure. Early enquiry advised (fully booked most last winter) 4½/6½gns. twin-bedded rooms; £5 18s./£8 single rooms (according floor and size). All prices inc. gratuities, afternoon tea, fresh fruit daily, baths, htg. in bedrooms (cent. htg. everywhere). Slumberlands: h. & c.; two Lounges. Bkfst. in bed. No lift. Meat or Vegetarian. Small, well-appointed, friendly hotel rec. by readers (references gladly). Phone Hastings 4784. Normanhurst P. Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best p.s. 3-mile Prom., opp. covered walk, Nr. Sun Lounge orchestra, also London Philharmonic.

SPECIAL Offer, November! Of interest to those who must avoid inland fogs and mists. Twin bedded top-floor rooms, £3 13s. 6d. wkly.; singles £4 14s. 6d.4 incl. everything as Normanhurst advert above.

MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. A first-class Hotel with 18-hole golf course adjoining, set amidst scenic splendour of Glorious Devon and enjoying its coveted winter sunshine. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

HOMELY Guest House. Cecile Hardwicke, Riverside, Harpford, Devon. Telephone: Colaton Raleigh 293.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

QUIET Guest House, lovely Cotswold Valley. Own produce. 4-6 gns. Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

FEW vacancies Country Club Surrey Hills Xmas Festivities. Abinger 2177.

BEXHILL—Join our Xmas party. Country house near sea. Family atmosphere. Own produce/poultry. Terms mod. Details: The Thorne, Ninfield Rd., Bexhill. (Ninfield 212.)

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings 4571.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Reduced rates Oct. to June. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

PENSION Thelia. Pleasant garden, near Pantheon. 25s. daily. Reduction for meals not taken. 75 Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris, V.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

RESEARCH worker now in Oxford for 1 year, wishes to let his London flat from Monday to Saturday noon to person away at week-ends. 2 delightful, well-furnished rooms, kitchen, outside bathroom, telephone, linen, etc. Self-contained. Converted monastery in mews near Baker Street and Regent's Park. References required and given. Rent £2 15s. per week. Box 3454.

YNG. cple. offer sgle. b/sit. Highbury. Use kit., &c. Refs. rqd. 35s. Box 3662.

FURNISHED flatlet, 2 rms., kit., 4gns. Edith Rd., W.14. Tel. FUL. 3516.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2 (PAD. 8406), c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Room & breakfast, 17s. 6d. daily.

CIVILIZED furn. room to let in Chelsea artist's studio flat, use kitchen & bathroom. 3gns. FLA. 8347.

KENSINGTON. Grnd.-floor flat, £16 4s. month incl. el. light, gdn. Sparsely furn. Baby & cat welc. Vac. Dec. 1. Box 3610.

COMPLETELY furnished S.C. flat, four rooms, K. & B., overlooking Queens Club Grounds, 5 minutes Barons Court Station. Wash basins in bedrooms, hot water incl. in rent. 6½gns. per week. Six months minimum. Tel. FRE. 3696.

AMIABLE busy tenant wanted for singularly pleasant ground-floor furn. flat. Outlook Regent's Park. 4½gns. PRI. 3761.

THIRD girl reqd. to share fur. flat. Own rm. Clapham Park, S.W.4. Box 3658.

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COMF. furn. sgle. bed-sit. rm. Cent. htg. H. & c. water, in mod. flat. HAM. 0518.

NW.2. Spacious well furn. sgle. bed-sit. rm. 45s. All cons. WIL. 1644.

HIGHGATE Woods: beautiful divan-room, well-kept house, £3 double, 45s. sgle. Refs. exchd. TUDor 8207 after 6 p.m.

ATTRACTIVE single bed-sit., cent. htg., own tel. ext., use garden, bath, to let in quiet flat. HAMpstead 0244.

MARBLE Arch. Charm. bed-sit. in quiet Mews. Bkfst., serv. 55gns. AMB. 6974.

BED SITTER (basement), warm, comf., offered by grad. couple. Good kit. facilities, bath. £2 weekly. Phone: WES. 4295.

FLAT to let, mod., 3 rms., k., bthrm. Rent unfur. 4gns. F. & F. valuation, or 6gns. furn. 5 min. Sutton Stn. Box 3318.

HAMPSTEAD, Eton Road: to let, large sitting room & small bedroom, very well furn. with use of kitchen fully equipped. All recently decorated. Rent £2 15s. incl. light, cooking gas, const. h. water, el. iron. Garden, 'phone in room. PRI. 0480 after 6.30.

2 sgle. b/sits., Kens., bus. ladies. C.h.w., gas fire, use k. 47s. 6d. FRO. 6930.

TO let: s.c. furn. flat, ground floor, 2 rooms, kitchen, bathroom. £3 10s. p.w. South Kensington. Box 3576.

KENSINGTON: Lge. comf. b/s rm. All cons. £2 10s. PAR. 8915 Box 3548.

LARGE sunny bed-sitter, meals by arrangement, single gentleman. MAI. 6061.

USE of small furn. house Hampstead Garden Suburb offered reliable woman exch. caretaking, light duties. Box 3398.

CHISWICK. Bed-sitting room in ground-floor flat, french doors to riverside garden. Near Chiswick S.R. Station and 55 bus terminus. Rent inclusive of all facilities £2 10s. weekly. CHIswick 6884 or Box 3688.

CORNWALL. Picturesque, well-loved cottage available furnished until May in remote fishing village. Comf. furnishings, elec. ckg.; small gdn. Sleep 3. 35s. p.w. Jones, The Kiddlewink, Cadgwith, Helston.

BUNGALOW, W., N.W., S.W., London. Garden, garage space/ute. C.I.T. 2458.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

LAYTONS Wine Merchants suggest you write for their latest Wine List. Good wines from 6s. 3d. per bottle. 2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.), W.1. WEL. 1864/8809.

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STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½gns. evg. Stage avail. for try outs of plays, &c. WHI. 3678.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Sun., November 29, Members only 7.45. "The Travellers," by Ewan MacColl.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391.) "The Rosenbergs." Weds.-Suns. 7.30, Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury (nr. Islington Town Hall): opening tonight, Fri. "Crime Passionnel," by Jean-Paul Sartre, 7.30. Fri. 27, Sat. 28, Sun. (members only) Nov., Fri. 4 & Sat. 5 Dec. Seats 2s., 5s. bookable. CAN. 5111 after 7.

[illegible] Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. [illegible]tion 10.30. Sun. 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper" (Second edition), a topical intimate Revue. Licd. till midn't. Mems. 5s.

EVE[illegible]MAN. Ham. 1525. Until Nov. 29: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (U). From Nov. 30: Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (A), Upa's "Little Boy Blew" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 28. Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper in "Desire" (A) by Ernst Lubitsch. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Sun., Nov. 29, 7.30. "Dédée" (X) (France).

IRVING Theatre, Irving St., Leic. Sq. (WHI. 8657). Fr. Dec. 19, on Sats., Suns. and Mons. East & West Film Society presents Indian Feature Films. Mems. 5s. yr.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. Lee 7803. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Sat., Nov. 28, 7.15. "Ninety Degrees South."

"PETER The Great." Thursday, Dec. 3, 7.30 p.m., Peckham Co-op. F.S. (NEW. 7088.) Co-op Hall, Rye Lane, S.E.15.

ILFORD New Era Film Soc. Sun., Nov. 29, 7.30 p.m. Ilford Town Hall. "Tomorrow's a Wonderful Day" (Israel). "Soviet Whalers," Czech Puppet Film &c.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat. Nov. 28, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

LEAGUE of Coloured Peoples: Dance at Royal Empire Society, Craven Street, W.C.2, on Saturday, December 5, 7.30 to midnight. Gents. 5s. Ladies 3s. 6d.

AUSTRIAN Krampus Dance. The Anglo-Austrian Society invites you to Kensington Town Hall (opp. High St., Kensington Tube) on Thursday, Dec. 3 at 8 p.m. Viennese Cabaret. Viennese Buffet. Dancing till 12.30. Tickets from the Secretary, 139, Kensington High Street, W.8. Members 5s.; non-members and all tickets at the door 7s 6d. Book early.

BEN Uri Arts Ball, Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3. Tues., Dec. 8, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Harry Musikant and His Band. Cabaret Prizes etc. Fancy Dress optl. Tkts. 15s. (incl. buffet) from Sec. Ben Uri Art Gall., 14 Portman St., W.1. WEL. 3001.

ANTIQUES Fair in aid of British Peace Cttee. Sat., Nov. 28, 2-8 p.m. Sun., Nov. 29, 10-1, 2-8 p.m., at 9 Lansdowne Crescent, W.11 (Notting Hill Gate, Holland Park Stns.) Come & buy attractive Xmas presents—china, glass, silver, pewter, prints, jewellery, etc.

CONCERTS

BRAHMS Concert: Victoria & Albert Museum, Sunday, December 6 at 8 p.m. Flora Nielsen (mezzo-soprano), William Primrose (viola), and George Malcolm (piano). Tickets: Res. 9s., 6s.; Unres. 3s. from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd. (WEL. 8418) & Usual Agents: On Concert Night Only at Museum.

MUSIC for Voices and Brass. Hindemith (1st performance), Bax, Dunstable, Schütz, Peerson, Goldsbrough Orchestra (brass section), Morley College Choir, cond. P. R. Fricker. All Souls, Langham Place, W.1. Tuesday, December 8, 8 p.m. Adm. by programme 2s. 6d., from Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1 (Wat. 6872), or at Church door night of concert.

MODERN Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Arthur Dennington. Saturday, December 5, at 7.30 p.m., Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Road, N.7. Symphony No. 42, Mozart. The Enchantress, Bliss. Piano Concerto No. 1, Chopin. Gwendoline, Chabrier. Adagio for Strings, Barber. Capriccio Italien, Tchaikovsky. Free Harrington. Contralto. Natalie Kup. Piano. Reserved Seats 2s. to 6s.

GUILDHALL Ensemble. Conductor: Alan Barlow. Osian Ellis (Harp); James Christie (Cello); Chenil Galleries, Chelsea. Thurs., Dec. 3, at 8 p.m. A Ceremony of Carols (Britten); Fantasia on Christmas Carols (Vaughan Williams); Of a Rose I Sing (Box); Carols—Traditional and Modern. Harp and Cello Solos. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., at Hall, Agents & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

ZARA Dolukhanova, Mezzo-soprano, Stalin prizewinner, Honoured Artist Armenian Republic. Song Recital, Sat., Dec. 5, 3 p.m. Wigmore Hall. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Wigmore Hall (WEL. 2141) or from SCR.

FRIDAY, Dec. 4, 8 p.m., Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. A.G.M.C. presents Latchem Quartet and Ilse Wolf, soprano, in Works by Hartmann, Reutter, Ury, Henze. Tickets 3s. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

VERSAILLES: The Château and its History in Books and Pictures. Exhibition at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Nov. 14-Jan. 16. 11-5 Mon. to Sat., 11-8 Thurs. 1s. 3d. Catalogue 3s. 6d.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. East End Academy 1953. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays. Adm. free. Opening Nov. 29.

HUNGARIAN Books & Journals, including Classical and Folk Music & Facsimiles of Historical Literary Documents are on Exhibition at Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. December 3-31 (closed 25-27). Daily 11-6.30, Sundays 2-5. Adm. free.

ROMAN Portrait Busts. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 29. Weekdays 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice—19th and 20th Century Paintings.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. Formalism and Realism in 16th Cent. Art: Mannerist and Baroque Paintings.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Santomaso. Sculpture by Marlow Moss. Until December 4.

WILLIAM Hartwell, Paintings. Green & Abbott Ltd., 35 St. George St., W.1. Nov. 12-Dec. 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "The Intimate Life of Paul Klee"; Drawings & Watercolours 1908-1940. Until Dec. 30. Daily 11-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, London, W.1. New Paintings by Francis Bacon. First Exhibition by Derrick Greaves.

YUGOSLAV Mediæval Frescoes (replicas). Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 13. Week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission, 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

SPORT in Hungary Exhibition at Park Lane House, 45 Park Lane, Nov. 23 to Dec. 6 (not Dec. 1). Week-days 10-9, Sundays 2-7. Also films.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. European Masters. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

ISRAELI Journey. Water-Colours by Harry Weinberger. Portraits and Other Paintings by Bernard Powell. At Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond Street, W.1.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VIII: paintings by Wilson, Gainsborough, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, Modigliani, etc. Daily 9.30-6, Saturdays 9.30-1. 31, Bruton Street, London, W.1.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Recent paintings, Dennis James and Hannah Gavert. From Tues., Dec. 1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Secretary-General of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjold, Clement Attlee and Harold MacMillan speak at a United Nations Association Rally, Royal Albert Hall December 17, 7.30 p.m. Programme includes Dramatic Documentary—The Way Ahead: the U.N. against War and Want, with cast of 300. Tickets 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. U.N.A., 25 Charles Street, W.1.

RITCHIE Calder, Science Editor of News Chronicle, on "The Negev as a Challenge to Science and Technology," Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1. Dec. 1, 8 p.m. Rt. Hon. Lord Silkin, P.C., in Chair. All welc. Ad. 2s. 6d. Mems. Technion Soc. free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Dec. 1, 8.15, Soviet Film Director Georgi Alexandrov's last lecture in this country, "Tasks & Aims of Soviet Cinema." Chair: Denis Forman. Advance bookings: GRO. 6186. Dec. 3, 8.15, "Modern Indian Painting," by William Archer. Members 2s. Non-members 3s.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Dec. 3, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in English by Dr. Enid Starkie, Reader in French Literature, Univ. Oxford. Subject: "Arthur Rimbaud and England." Free.

DENNIS Gray Stoll on "The River Villages of East Bengal" (illus.). Fri. December 4, 8.15. All welcome. No collection. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queens Gardens, W.2.

A LEADER of African People gives the African's point of view. Walter Sisulu, Sec. Gen. African Nat. Congress, S. Africa. Chair: Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P. Fri., Dec. 4, 7.30, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd. Auspices Fund for African Democracy. ABB. 3770.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

DISSEMINATED Sclerosis. The Multiple Sclerosis Society, 9 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1, will hold its inaugural meeting on Wed., Dec. 2, at 8 p.m. at the Chenil Galleries, Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3. All wishing to attend please write to Secretary.

DR. J. Bierer, "Problems of Social Psychiatry." New Generation Group of Hampstead Ethical Society, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd., N.W.3 (nr. Hampstead Tube). Monday, November 30, at 8 p.m.

JOAN Thompson: "The Next Development in State Education." Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Green. Sun., Nov. 29, 7.15 p.m.

SPGB. Election Challenge Meeting (N. Paddington by-election). Metropolitan Theatre, Edgware Rd., Sun., Nov. 29, 7 p.m. Various speakers incl. candidate. We have challenged Eden (Cons.) & Parkin (Lab.) to oppose. Free. Socialist Pty. of Gt. Britain.

DEBATE Sun. Nov. 29, 4 p.m. W.A.S.U. & Ying. Conservatives. "Should English Youth Support Present Policy of Conservative Government?" 13 Chelsea Emb., S.W.3.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Thinking Without Words" will be given by Professor Otto Koehler (Freiburg) at 5.30 p.m. on December 8 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free without ticket.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., Wed., Dec. 2. H. D. Hughes, Principal of Ruskin College: "The Socialist Approach to the University." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.30. Visitors 2s.

SOVIET Doctors M. Ilina & M. Kazantseva on Paediatrics in the U.S.S.R. (Lecture for the medical profession). Mon., Nov. 30, 8 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 3s. (students & S.C.R. 2s.).

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CANCELLED S.C.R. Events: Dec. 3, Physics lect.: Dec. 6, Book Club Conf.

"SOVIET Education." G. P. Bessedin. Questions & Answers. Fri., Dec. 4, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.).

SOVIET Artists. Reception Thurs., Dec. 3, 7.30 p.m. Porchester Hall, W.2. Tickets (S.C.R. members only) 2s. 6d., from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

SOVIET Musicians. Discussion, questions & answers. For music students & teachers & professional musicians. Wed., Dec. 2, 3 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 3s. (students & S.C.R. 2s.).

OBRAZTSOV Puppets, Theatre Royal, Stratford, Wed. December 2, 7.45. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 2s. Arranged by S.C.R. Tickets from Theatre only (MAR. 1075).

OBRAZTSOV at S.C.R., Dec. 2, cancelled. Please apply for return of money for tickets bought.

"EDUCATIONAL Psychology in the U.S.S.R." Dr. Brian Kirman, Tues., Dec. 1, 7.30 p.m. Institute of Education, Malet St., W.C.1. Arranged by S.C.R. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.).

"ART Collecting in the Past." A lecture will be given by Prof. E. H. J. Gombrich, Ph.D., M.A., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Sevmour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 30, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

THE Argument for Collateral Marital Union if wanted, for both sexes after 7 years wed, with graphs and diagrams. Edward A. Wilson, M.D. Non-Register. Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Mon., Dec. 7, 7.30. Collection. Bayswater (Circle), Queensway (Central) 1 min. No further notice.

M. L. BURNET: "Force and International Order." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Nov. 29, 6.30 p.m.

SHAW Soc. present "Scraps & Shavings" (Shaw, Brahms-Simon &c.), Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St. Dec. 7, 7 p.m. 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 5, at 6 p.m. Mr. Geoffrey Bloch: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

PERSONALIST Group. Baroness Von der Heydt on "Priest and Psychologist—Can they co-operate?" Tues., Dec. 1, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, at 7 p.m., Dec. 1. Dr. Eustace Chesser, "Crime, Psychology and Punishment." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m.; Friday, Dec. 4, Humphrey E. Atkins, "Revision of the United Nations Charter."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 29, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Problem of the Press." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30. Adm. 1s. 6d.

SQUARE Dancing Week-end (J. Glaister) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, Dec. 11-13.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Caxton Hall (nr. St. James's) on Thursday, December 3, at 7.30: "What Happens to Man After Death?" All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WOOL Education Society. A lecture will be given at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, December 2, in the Lecture Hall, Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, by Dr. Arthur Raistrick, M.Sc., Lecturer, Department of Geology, King's College, University of Durham, on "The Role of the Yorkshire Cistercian Monasteries in the History of the Wool Trade in England." For details of membership apply to the Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

RESEARCH Communications Project: full details & 1st Social Research Papers now available from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P., gives the last in the Fabian Autumn Lecture series, Tuesday, December 1, 7.15 p.m., at Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tickets from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, and at door.

"HOW to Run a Committee"—the work of chairman and secretary, points of order, etc. A course of three lectures (Dec. 3, 10, 17). Particulars from Fawcett Society, 50 Tufton Street, S.W.1.

BUDDHISM. The last of three lectures given by members of the Western Buddhist Order at Friends Hse., Euston Rd., commences 7.30, Fri., Dec. 4. Title: "Is Buddhism the Answer?" Enqs. to BM/Sangha, W.C.1.

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